



"You gonna reform us juvenile delinquents?"

1712 Turquoise St., Milwaukee July 12, 1976

**MCKENZIE
PORTER**



During my lifetime many western world homosexuals have participated in a loosely organized campaign to promote a better image of themselves.

Therefore I have always thought that homosexuals are schizoid, ambivalent, contrary, paradoxical outpatients afflicted incurably with the agonizing Jekyll and Hyde malady.

So thousands of parents, for this and other reasons, became prostrate with grief on hearing that one of their children has joined the homosexual community.

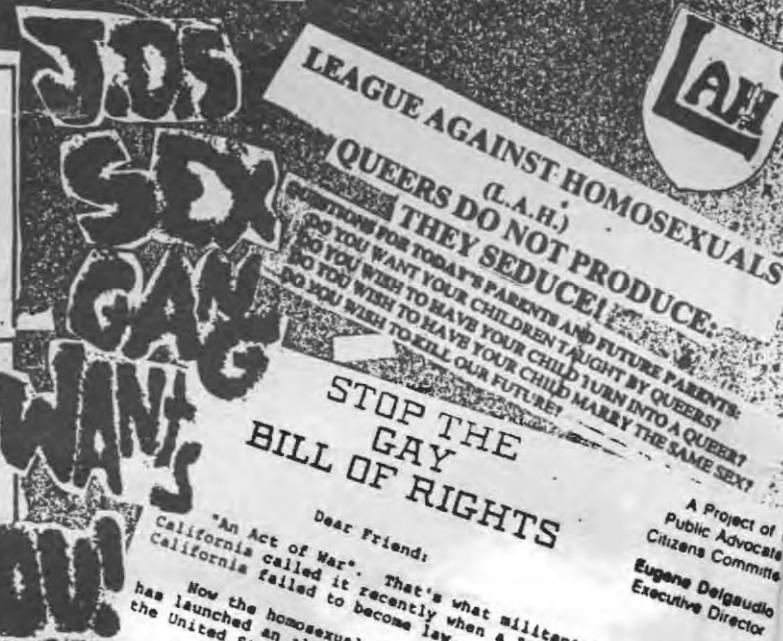
All the same the homosexuals must be encouraged from seducing the young. Homosexuals were better off when they hid in the closet. Then they were not so easy to spot, not so likely to catch the eye of the highly libidinous and experimental pubescents and adolescents.

The more homosexuality is publicly presented as acceptable the more credible to the young seems the myth.

Most mature people, however, continue to look with a candid or secret disgust at the physical practices to which homosexuals are reduced by their abnormality.

And the more the homosexuals flaunt their lamentable infirmities the more intense will become not the public toleration of such, but the public loathing.

punk [pʌk]; priuch [priuʃ]; Jr. Punk = decayed wood used only for tinder; however of sl punk = prostitute; dated prison sl punk = bread [molded into a vagina and fucked while still fresh] // L. pants = bread) 1. sexually oppressed, constantly raped victim; usually straight Syn: angel ("Hay, angel, when are you gonna grab your ankles for me?"); brat; candy pants; dancer; de los otros (Mex. = one of them); flesh; fuck-hole; faggot; ginch (rare); girl boy; green boy (dated); gunch; pieces of hot apple pie; kid; MP (= Mexican punk); neck-neck; punk; pog (poger, pogie, pogu); PP; pressure punk; pretty boy; prison pussy; public property; "pushover; pussy boy; quill (rare, // s*x vagina); raw-ass; roundheels ("Paging Ruby Roundheels to the rear!"); sex boy/punk); singer; slavey (dated); slick pussy; stolt; taker; younger 2. to be active in force; fucking; toemasculate another man figuratively. Related terms: baw wrap a flower rape another convict. Syn: take somebody's bums (awn NYC, teen sl. '70); turn somebody out. Also see: "prison terminology."



LEAGUE AGAINST HOMOSEXUALS
(L.A.H.)
QUEERS DO NOT PRODUCE:
THEY SEDUCE!

QUESTIONS FOR TODAY'S PARENTS AND FUTURE PARENTS:
DO YOU WANT YOUR CHILDREN TAUGHT BY QUEERS?
DO YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR CHILD TURN INTO A QUEER?
DO YOU WISH TO KILL OUR FUTURE?
DO YOU WISH TO KILL OUR FUTURE?

A Project of
Public Advocate
Citizens Committee
Eugene Delgaudio
Executive Director

**STOP THE
GAY
BILL OF RIGHTS**

Dear Friend:

"An Act of War". That's what militant homosexuals in California called it recently when a "Gay Bill of Rights" failed to become law. Now the homosexual movement has made good on their threat, has launched an all out attack to pass the "Gay Bill of Rights".

That's why I decided I must write you today. Will you please sign your name to the enclosed petition to help defeat the "Gay Bill of Rights" and return it to me immediately?

I pray you will say yes. Because if this twisted bill becomes federal law, your tax dollars and lesbians, of the militant homosexuals and lesbians, will be safe, either.

And no child will be safe, either. Even worse, the "Gay Bill of Rights" could force your children to be taught in the classroom by a militant homosexual teacher. And they could even be seduced--since "homosexual tendencies" would be legal.

I don't know about you, but I don't want my children handed over to proud lesbian or homosexual teachers. What makes me the angriest though is the open way these militant homosexuals go after our children and grandchildren. In the Senate Bill, if the Gay activists get their way, high schools, grammar schools, nursery child-molesters as teachers, counselors or custodians, will have to hire homosexual teachers. You and I must put Congress on notice that God-fearing Americans don't want militant homosexuals and lesbians using our tax dollars to parade their lifestyle in front of our children. Can you send me \$1000 or \$500 immediately to help defeat B.R. 2624, the repulsive "Gay Bill of Rights"?

Sincerely,

Eugene Delgaudio
Executive Director
Public Advocate Citizens Committee

J.D.S.
5
RECRUITING

J.D.s

HOMOSEXUALS,
OLD PEOPLE,
DISILLUSIONED
RADICALS,
AND UNLOVED
CHILDREN:

THAT'S WHO J.D.s
IS MADE FOR.

\$ 3.00
NO CHECKS PLEASE

THANKS TO:

CANDY, MYKEL,
LANCE, ROB,
MIKE M.,
MIKE M.,
STVEC,
GIBBY

all the kids
who sent in
questionnaires

and all the
zines we
trade with

EDITORS:
G.B.JONES and
BRUCE LA BRUCE

PUBLISHERS:
THE NEW
LAVENDER
PANTHERS

J.D.s
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Canada
M5C 2K5

ISSUE #5
1989

COVER BOYS:
DAVE FINDLEY
and
BRUCE LA BRUCE
photographed by
G.B.JONES

BEING A J.D.
IS A REAL
PAIN IN THE
ASS.





THE DICKS at #11

homocore hitparade

Leftwingers support folks who beg
Protest and riot all night
But have a boy's hand on your leg
Jump and tremble with fright
Yell, "revolution, destroy banks"
The president's neck you will cut
Fight cops, clubs, and tanks
But God please no prick in the butt

CHORUS:

You're too scared to be queer
Quick, drink another beer
Don't let them come near
What would the neighbours think, dear?
(punkers)
(commies)

Politically right and free choice
Black's and women's rights too
And homos have rights to be found
As long as they don't include you
Tucked back in your mind out of reach
So far you can't even receive it
Tell yourself "oh no, not me,"
Maybe some day you'll believe it.

METAL BREAK: (talking)

CHORUS

You slimy wimp don't impress me
Your bravery is cowardice
If you're half as tough as she
You'd have guts to suck on this
You say you've got balls to go out
And burn the American flag.
It doesn't prove shit, you don't have guts
Guts enough to be a fag.

CHORUS TO END

LOOK FOR BIG MAN'S "TOO SCARED TO BE QUEER" AND
NIKKI PARASITE'S "MALE CALL" ON THE UPCOMING
J.D.s COMPILATION TAPE OF HOMOCORE HITS!

homocore hitparade

homocore hitparade J.D. jukebox

Coming up: THE CHIEFS-TOWER 19

(At the beach at) 10WRR 18

The Chiefs

4 o'clock in the morning
I can't sleep
I wanna get a moon-tan
and watch the sex action at the beach
At the beach-I ride my bike there.
At the beach to lifeguard tower 18.
When I get back at dawn,
They ask me where I've been?
At the beach?

At the beach! I tell you parents
At the beach! This is so true
you think your sex action's
better than their's
they're doing a job
you could never do at the beach!

5 o'clock in the morning
I still can't sleep
players of the ballgame
want me to play
sex action at the beach
At the beach! I get some education
At the beach: at faggot tower 18
When I crawl back at dawn,
they ask me where I've been?
At the beach!

Chorus:
(At Venice Beach)
Right here in L.A.
At the beach!)

J.D.s



homocore hitparade

homocore hitparade



BOWWOWWOW at #10

J.D.s homocore



FIFTH COLUMN at #1

J. I. D. S. 
She looked around her at the girls and boys who now swarmed over the steps, unwinding from the tension that had held them quiet; pushing and shoving, giggling and squealing. Alienated youth. These were gangs. Juvenile delinquents.

EXQUISITE P.I. J. I. D. S. APP APP homocore hit parade

1. FIFTH COLUMN
2. VICTIMS FAMILY
3. NIP DRIVERS
4. MIGHTY SPHINCTER
5. ZUZU'S PETALS
6. ARYAN DISGRACE
7. BEEFEATER
8. THE LEATHER NUN
9. PATTI SMITH
10. BOWWOWWOW
11. DICKS
12. RAINCOATS
13. DR. KNOW
14. NIKKI PARASITE
15. IMPOTENT SEA SNAKES
16. ANGRY SAMOANS
17. SHOCK-HEADED PETERS
18. GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE
19. ARTLESS
20. NIP DRIVERS

The Fairview Mall Story
Homophobia
Quentin Crisp
Fag Bar
Bert
Faggot In The Family
Fred's Song
Gimme Gimme Gimme (A Man After Midnight)
Redondo Beach
Uomo Sex Al Apache
Off-Duty Sailor
Only Loved At Night
Fist Fun
Male Call
I Caught Aids From A Dead Man's Asshole
Homo-sexual
I, Bloodbrothers Be
Cowboys Are Gay
Boy w/a Cunt
Nips Get Pissed

Coming Up:

THE CHIEFS-Tower 19
THE APOSTLES-To Hell With Leviticus

appalled
hit
homocore

I don't care if you stare when you see me walking down the street

'Cause you're the kind of boy I'd never want to meet

And it's O.K. if you say "He's a fag; c'mon guys, let's kick his butt"

'Cause maybe some boy will hear you and try to pick me up

And I'm sick and tired of getting the runaround - that isn't right
And I'm sick and tired of sitting here by myself jerking off every night
So this is a male call

This is a male call
This is a male call
And I'm calling you

pleasure punk

(repeat whole song)

Well, I know that this song's not too long and I know it's not too great

But I wanna be on the J.D.s Top Twenty Tape

Since this song's almost done, I will leave you with only one request

If you're nice, cute, and hung, then write to this address:

Nikki Parasite, P.O. Box 234, Livingston, New Jersey, 07039, USA

FAG BAR

Summer's here and I jump into my car
Take a drive down the highway to the local queer bar
Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar; yeah
Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar

pink pants

My car's full of gas; my foot's on tight
I want to go to a place where the boys don't fight

Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar

green boy

Yeah; I want to go where the boys have class
They suck each other's meat; they take it up the ass
Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar. Yeah
Going to a fag bar, ha ha ha
Going to a fag bar

sex boy[punk]

Yeah; on the floor I start to dance
Some Greek god wants to jump inside my pants

Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar, come on
Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar

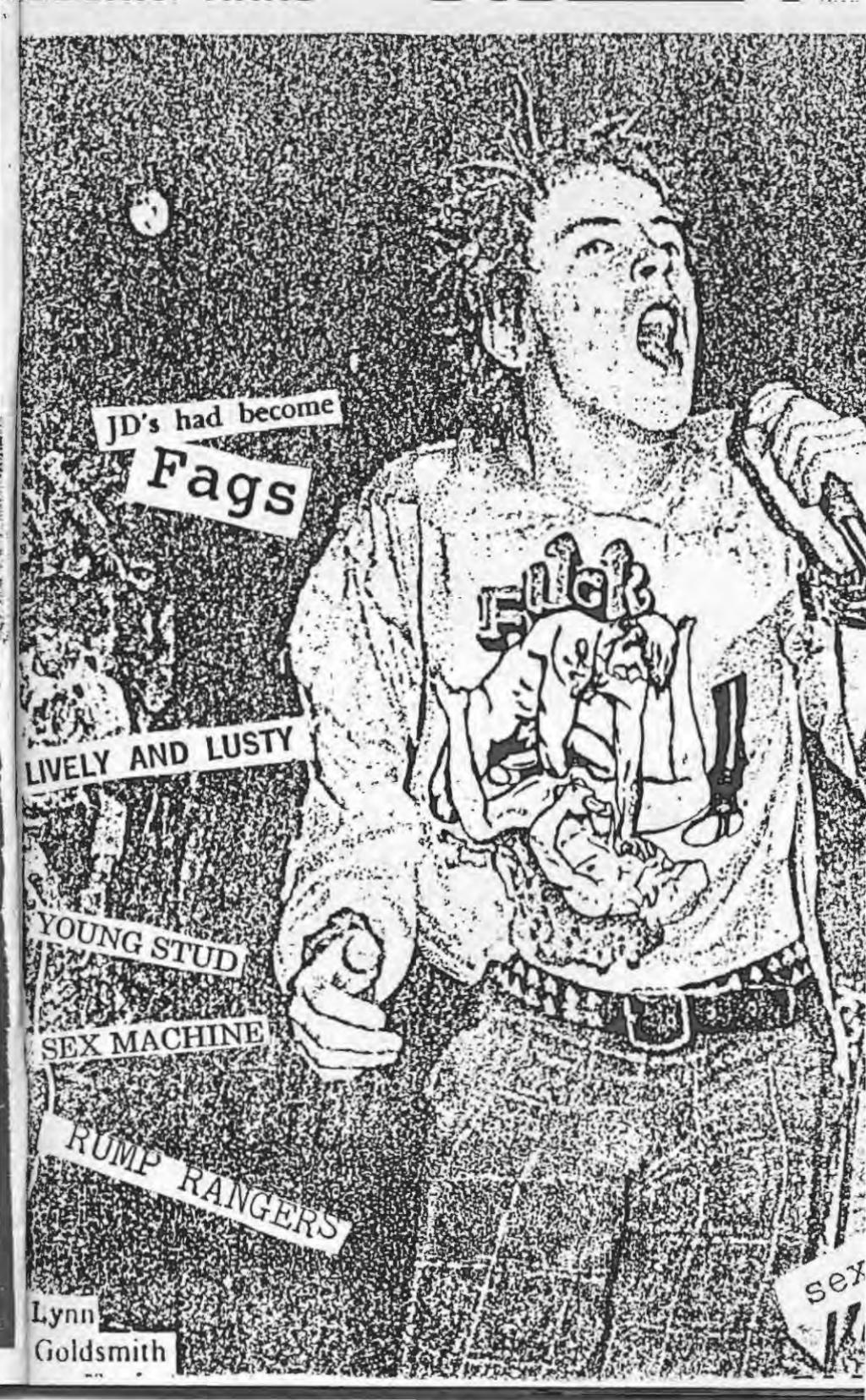
candy pants

Summoned up the devil on the dance floor
I'm going to fuck him up the ass til he runs out the door

Going to a fag bar
Going to a fag bar; yeah

fuck- boy

Mighty Sphincter



JD's had become
Fags

LIVELY AND LUSTY

YOUNG STUD

SEX MACHINE

RUMP RANGERS

Lynn
Goldsmith



Fags

sex
11

Here, for the very first time, Tracie Thomas TELLS YOU what it's like to be HER—and you'll have no doubt that being Tracie Thomas is pretty special. Unlike what most of you think, it hasn't always been easy for Tracie. She's had problems just like yours with her weight, her hair, her makeup, being self-conscious around girls, having fits of depression, feeling unpopular, liking girls when she couldn't date, and the usual ups and downs of trying to grow up. What may be different about you and Tracie is that she's solved most of those problems and now wants to share her success secrets with you. She's learned what it takes to be successful and popular and so can YOU! Here are just a few features of Tracie's fabulous book:

GIRL TO GIRL BY TRACIE THOMAS



POPULARITY

Parties: Learning to never stop.

Boys: How to get rid of them.

Personality: Don't be a girly-girl.

Parents: How to avoid having them



BEAUTY

Skin Care: How to pick the right tattoo and keep it looking new

Nails: Nails that you can play guitar with

Hair Styles: Is a Mohawk right for you?

Fashion: Chains, boots, wristbands, spikes—what's legal

PLUS . . . Pages and pages of photographs of Tracie and how she's grown from a chubby little girl into a beautiful young woman—
DON'T WAIT A DAY—SEND FOR THIS BOOK RIGHT NOW!

Great! Please send me _____ copy(s) of GIRL TO GIRL by Tracie Thomas. I'm enclosing \$1.25 for each copy I want plus 25¢ for postage and handling. (Outside U.S.A. send \$1.75 in international money order.)
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

TE Send to: GIRL TO GIRL
Drawer L
Hollywood, Calif.



GIRL TO GIRL BY TRACIE THOMAS

sex

pistols



ONE OF BRUCE'S BOYS

■ **WARNING**

■ We are the people our parents warned us again-



bum-chum **punk** fuck-buddy



We'll go slamming together, see movies, videos, motorcycle w/ ex- tra helmet an asset. Must like to fight & argue. Hitting



GO FOR IT

**WHAT
DAMN**

optional. Verbal abuse a turn-on! Any race or gay skinhead very welcome.

CAUTION:

BUTCH

ADULTS

\$4.00

ISSUE

No. 5



CRASHING



I almost don't feel like telling this story because it's not exactly cheerful, and I don't want to depress anyone any more than they probably already are, but actually it does have a happy ending, so here it goes. First, I have to give you a piece of advice that if you're smart you'll follow: never take your boyfriend on any trips or excursions with your parents in a car and spend the entire weekend in some remote location with them, especially if they don't know that he's your boyfriend, or that you even have boyfriends, and even more especially if he happens to be a hustler. This is the mistake I made last year when I went up to my parents farm with them and Butch and my little sister Cookie, supposedly to get away from the hustle and bustle of the city. And I do mean 'hustle', since at the time I was getting pretty fed up with Butch's career on the streets, to be honest. I've been thinking a lot about hustlers lately - you know, psychology-type stuff - and I've come up with some pretty interesting ideas on the subject. First of all, if you think a hustler isn't trying to prove something by being paid for making out with another guy, you're crazy. So how does Butch account for me, his supposed boyfriend? Actually, now that I think about it, Butch never actually uses that word, even though he's always practically tearing my clothes off with his big mits, or shoving his crotch in my face when I'm bending over to pick up some loose change on the ground or something. Maybe he thinks of me as his assistant, I don't know.

STORY BY BRUCE I A BRUCE DRAWINGS BY DAVE-IT

I began to stare out the window at the passing hydro poles, drifting off to sexy memories about my hustler.

I DO KNOW HE TAKES PRIDE IN HIS work, and is always showing me the tricks of the trade. For instance, I learned all about safe sex from Butch. Laugh all you want, but Butch practically invented safe sex. He's been using sheiks longer than anybody I know, and I'm always getting embarrassed when he pulls out a fistful of change for the cashier in some department store or restaurant and drops about five safes on the floor in the process which I have to kick under the counter before anyone notices. My third point about hustlers is that they always claim to want to lead a normal life eventually and settle down and have a wife and kids in the country, or at least the suburbs. Usually they tell you this right after you've spent about two hours in bed with them making out like you wouldn't believe. You can almost see the gears grinding in their heads, but they can't, which leads me to my last point about hustlers: don't ever try to do any psychologizing on them, because they don't have any idea why they do what they do, and they don't want to know, either. I don't know how many times I've said to Butch, don't you realize why you're acting in such and such a way, blah blah blah, and do you know what his usual response is?: "Don't be gay". Figure that one out.

So there was this one time last fall when I thought that Butch should try to give up hustling and move on to something with more of a future in it, so I figured my best bet would be to get him out of the city for a few days to give him the chance to look at things from a different angle. Maybe I thought he'd even learn something. I should have known better, as I had already tried to mix Butch with my family by inviting him to my brother's wedding the previous spring, which turned out to be a real disaster.

So this one weekend we all went up to my parents farm in their old 1975 Chrysler Newport Custom, which is like this huge boat on wheels that almost takes up both lanes and can easily force tractor-trailers off the highway, which gives you a lot of room inside to manoeuvre around and spread out your legs: me and Butch and Cookie in the back and Mom and Dad in the front and lots of comic books and crossword puzzles and egg salad sandwiches strewn about and board games like Trouble! and Sorry! and Jeopardy! that Cookie could trouble her mean old brother with. My parents

actually used to live on this farm before moving to the city so my father could get a better paying job at a factory seeing as modest farmers can't make a living any more unless they sell out and become ruthless cattle barons or something, according to my Dad, so now they just rent the land out and keep the house as a place to go on weekends and holidays, even though it's a pretty long distance from Big Town. Little did we know that the first snowstorm of the year would turn the drive into a total hell-ride, making worse the tensions that already existed between my parents and Butch.

The first couple of hours before the storm hit were great, I have to say. Cookie was having a ball with old Butch, who was keeping her amused with his bottomless repertoire of fiendish tricks. Like, for example, Butch was smoking up a storm, since both my parents smoke like chimneys themselves, and even don't really trust a person who won't have the occasional friendly cigarette, or light up in a crisis. But when neither of them was looking in the rear view mirror, Butch would put out his cigarette on his tongue, causing Cookie to squeal in horror and delight. My mother would whip her head around fast to see what the commotion was about, dislodging a couple of curlers, maybe, in the process, and Butch would be sitting there innocently with the butt still in his mouth, smiling tight-lipped in a very sincere way. Mom would frown in a scary fashion and turn back around, then Butch would stick his tongue out again and calmly remove the incriminating evidence with the ends of his fingers like a prince, and deposit it in the pull-out ashtray on the back of the front seat. I could tell Cookie was deeply impressed by this little show, even though I'd already told her the secret behind it, which is to have a big gob worked up in your mouth already to put out the cigarette before it burns the crap out of your tongue. Then a bit later Butch turned his eyelids inside-out and acted like one of the living dead, pretending to take a big bite out of Cookie's forehead, which made her giggle so much that she had to bury her head in my armpit to keep from raising Mom's dander again with her piercing squeals. Butch had many such tricks, like he could touch the tip of his nose with his tongue, which grossed Cookie out, but secretly turned me on (My Dad is the only other person I know who can do it), or fart on command, which he refrained from doing in the car, much to my relief. Fortunately, most of these antics remained undetected by my parents, who

* See J.D.s #1 for all the gory details.



were already pissed off at him for
being a little bit weird. I guess
they were pretty preoccupied,
listening with concern to the weather
reports on the radio predicting the
first bad snowstorm of the season.
So as Butch was doing everything
but the old soft shoe to entertain
Cookie, I began to stare out the
window at the passing hydro poles.

drifting off to sexy memories about
my hustler. There he was, only a
few feet away from me, and I couldn't
even touch him for fear that my family
would get suspicious. It was so un-
fair - if he was a girl, I could've
been sitting on his lap and no one
would've blinked an eye. But by now
I was already getting the idea that
the world wasn't exactly a fair place,



I
couldn't
help
but
get
a
hard-on
right
there

so I contented myself with my dirty thoughts.
I was thinking about the night before, when me and Butch had been together in bed in his crummy squat-like apartment on the wrong side of town. The landlord still hadn't fixed the broken window, so a few stray snowflakes were making their way across the room towards us. It made me shiver to think of another long Canadian winter without heat in a cockroach-infested dive, even though I only slept over at Butch's jump on weekends, since my parents were still giving me a weekly allowance, after all. As it stood, they thought it was pretty weird, me spending so much time with a street-type like Butch, who wore combat boots, dirty jeans, and a ripped t-shirt exposing a pierced nipple. I don't think they exactly believed me when I told them he was helping me with my homework judging by the volume of their contemptuous laughs. But I was eighteen, my last year of high school, so they probably thought I was just easing my way into the real world by experimenting with booze and drugs like any normal kid. I don't think they suspected me of fooling around with Butch, though, otherwise I would've been out on my ear long ago.

in my parents'
car, much to
my embarrassment.

I quickly grabbed
the Trouble! board
to cover my crotch,
and Butch reached
over and started
pressing the

By this time Cookie was pretty wiped out, and fell asleep like kids usually do, passing right out in the middle of claiming they're not even tired. It's a good thing she's a sound sleeper, too, because it meant she would totally miss the terrible events to come.

At this point my mother was sitting rigid in her seat facing my father, keeping a close eye on him in case he started to nod off. It'd begun to snow pretty bad by now, and when the snow comes steady at you out of the black, melting into the windshield, you have to be careful not to get hypnotized. My father was always falling asleep at the best of times, like while reading the newspaper in front of the hockey game on TV. We'd always toss a magazine or something at him to watch him jerk awake, crumpling the paper and not knowing where the hell he was. So when he nodded off every half hour or so while driving, Mom would have to jab him in the ribs and yell "Ron!", and he'd wake up totally disoriented and swerve into the gravel on the shoulder of the road, snake-tailing the car like crazy. I'd usually be in the backseat grabbing on to something solid, in this case, Butch's knee. Butch took the whole thing in stride, probably because he didn't care whether he lived or died, or so he often claimed.

So there I was in the real world, in bed with Butch, reaching my hand up between his legs towards his already stiff dick. He wasn't reciprocating tonight, but he wasn't exactly saying no, either, so I had to do all the work. I began by licking his low hanging balls, working my way up to the cock that throbbed against his "washboard stomach" (as they say in the magazines). I sucked him off until he almost came, then moved up to his rock hard nipples, which I worked on for a while before attacking his stubby neck with my tongue. Then I returned to his cock and, with a few deft strokes, jerked us both off until we came together, lying side by side, panting like dogs.

Thinking of this little episode, I couldn't help but get a hard-on right there in my parents' car, much to my embarrassment. I quickly grabbed the Trouble! board to cover my crotch, which evidently didn't escape Butch's roving eye, as he reached over and started pressing the POP-O-MATIC. I didn't like Butch making sex jokes in front of Cookie, so I shot him a dirty look and he sheepishly cut the crap.

POP-O-MATIC.



Butch stood pissing up against a brick wall...

I guess it was a combination of the heavy snow, the patch of black ice on the road, and Dad's falling asleep at the wheel that caused the accident. One minute we were driving along, the next my mother was yelling out Dad's name and the car spinning out of control. I can't be sure, it happened so fast, but I think Butch may have been grinning the whole time - I could be wrong, but Butch does get a kind of sick enjoyment out of disasters and doomsday type stuff. Only a kid like Cookie could sleep through a car accident with a beautific smile on her face. Mom passed right out, holding her hairstyle in place with both hands, and my Dad was probably too busy trying to avoid fence posts and ditches to even think about what was really happening. As it turned out, luck was with us, because we didn't smash into anything or flip over. Before leaving the road, the car made three complete spins by my count, and finally came to rest smack in some farmer's field.

The funny thing about accidents is your life really does flash before your eyes. Actually, for me it was more like the three most memorable moments that came back to me. The first one was the time Ricky Frisbee pulled my pants down during recess in front of the entire third grade. The second one was the time me and my brother were playing darts in the rec room one Saturday morning and he accidentally threw one that hit me in the eyeball and stuck. The third thing was the time I first saw Butch as he stood pissing up against a brick wall...

It was without a doubt the sexiest thing I ever saw, before or since. It was a summer night - I was supposed to be studying at the library for a make up course I had to take on account of flunking biology that semester, but I just couldn't keep my mind on the books thinking about all the boys out there in the world I would never get close to because I was such a loser. So I left for home, taking a detour past the YMCA to see what

I was missing. Plenty, if you're asking. Especially this guy I noticed right away from a distance with everything in the right place. He was pissing against the bricks with one hand straight ahead planted on the wall, the other dug casually into the pocket of his tight jeans. As I got closer I could see the stream of pee winding its way towards the sewer grate ten feet behind him, which turned me on for some reason. I would never've had the nerve to go anywhere near him except that after shaking off and pulling in, he turned around and smiled at me as if he knew I'd been gawking at him all along. That's when I tripped over the garbage cans. I ended up giving him a blow and my number on the back of a book of matches in a back alley. He called me two

days later, and the rest was gravy.

So two years later I'm stuck in the snow in a car in the middle of nowhere with Butch and my family, but fortunately, as it turns out, we're only a few miles from the farmhouse, and a neighbouring farmer sees us making an unexpected departure from the main highway and comes along in his snowmobile suit and huge cabin tractor with a radio and everything in it to dig us out. Butch is impressed that even in the middle of a snowstorm you can detect the smell of cowshit from the farmer's skidoo suit.

So before you know it we're in the old farmhouse, which has this great smell like mothballs and shit, all drinking hot coffee, including Cookie, and sitting around the wood stove doing a post mortem on the big accident in which we almost died. Cookie is disappointed that she missed everything; Butch tells a few stories about wipe-outs he had during his motorcycle days. Mom listens politely, but winces every time Butch forgets to watch his language and says fuck, or gropes himself out of habit like he's still on the job. Before you know it Dad's slowly tipping sideways and snoring, Cookie throws a magazine at him and Mom says it's time for bed. Cookie gives me and Butch each one of her famous kisses that almost poke your teeth through your lips and demonstrates a pretty impressive one-handed cartwheel before tearing upstairs. I tell Mom we'll be up in a little while.

It feels weird to be with Butch in the house I grew up in. "Wanna smoke a joint", he says right off, but I'm afraid Mom will smell it, even though she doesn't even know what it smells like. "Well...maybe, if we go up to the attic..."



Very quietly I pull down the ladder and up we climb to the trap door, which I push up slowly until it clicks. Butch lets the door down easy as I grope for the string that turns on the single bare bulb that swings, creating an eerie effect like in a movie after someone's just been

axed up. I can see all my old public school notebooks and science projects and Hallowe'en costumes strewn about, not to mention my old Hot Wheels collection. There's snowshoes hanging from the rafters, and old hockey equipment and skidoo suits of every size in plastic bags, like concealed bodies.

Butch lights up sitting on a kiddy car I used to tear around on, and I flake out on an old moth-eaten mattress. We get really high, and, as usual, really horny. Butch comes over and lays on top of me, his face over mine, his cock pressing through his jeans against my belly. I wrap my arms around him and his lips are on mine. His cock is hard as I pull his jeans down over the cheeks of his ass. I run my fingers up and down the crack of his ass and he moans. I massage him and get in between his legs. I pull back and bend my head down and kiss his hot ass hole. Then he's up on his hands and knees and I reach around him and grab his crank. I take hold and move my fist up and down. I lay back and spread my legs as he moves in between them and takes hold of my cock. His cock is right in front of my face and I reach up and touch it. I want to pull it into my mouth but there's no WAY. I just satisfy myself with pulling it up and down and sucking on his balls, rolling my tongue all around them. Finally I manoeuvre around so that I can reach the hot shaft of his cock. I kiss the blue avenue of lust and open my lips wide. He throbs in my mouth until I move back, letting the hot cock pop out so that

I can run my fist up and down it. He moans as my hot mouth moves along the hard plain of his belly. I kiss my way up from his cock and move my mouth to his navel. I push my tongue into that hot hole and then move all the way up to his face. I still have the death grip on his cock as I plant a hot kiss on his lips. I kiss him hard, and kiss my way down his body and he moans as my lips brush across the head of his cock. I take his hot staff in my mouth and bob up and down. I move as fast as I can on his cock and he moans and thrashes around. He moves his hand on my head and then down my back. I suck hard and he moans and arches his back. His whole body goes tense and he begins to shake. He lifts his ass right off

the mattress and yells out quietly. I move my hand on his shaft as he comes, shooting up to his own face. Afterwards he lays on the mattress, facing up, his lips slack and his eyes closed. I'm happy as the heat dissipates inside me. I move my hands on his body.

Actually, this is really not what happened. I just thought you might lose interest if I didn't throw in a big dirty part at the end. (I stole it from a book Butch bought me once called "Queer Pen".) What really happened was we blew some grass and got very kind of quiet and contemplative and listened to the wind whistling in the rafters and the mice in the walls. We just sat there looking at each other, trying to figure out what the hell we were doing in the middle of nowhere, with my parents, no less, and I got this intense feeling that I would never find anyone who could understand me and still like me like Butch did. I wondered if he was thinking the same thing, because he had this very intense look in his eyes. I knew there was no future for us, but it didn't matter, because what passed between us at that moment was enough.

Just as I was starting to get sentimental, I thought I heard a

I don't
think
they
suspected
me of
fooling
around
with Butch





Just as I
was starting
to get
sentimental,
I thought I
heard a
noise coming
from down
below.

noise coming from down below. I asked Butch if he heard it too, and he nodded, so we went over and lifted the trap. Half way down the ladder, we noticed a certain kid wandering around in her nightie. Cookie, of course, sleepwalking, as usual. Cookie has this very scary way of walking in her sleep, her hands slightly out in front of her in case she bumps into something, her eyes wide open, her mouth set in a slight frown, sometimes with strands of her long brown hair caught in it. She looked like one of the living dead - the one who eats her parents. We just stood there quietly and watched her. Once she stopped in the middle of the shag carpet and looked right at us - she looked like she was going to pee and tell us we're going to die up there, just like Linda Blair. But after a minute

or so she just kept on going, muttering to herself. Finally she headed back upstairs, and I followed her to make sure she made it back to bed all right. Then Butch and me went back up to the attic and did what I

told you about earlier, but not in so many words (or positions).

I never expected to be doing something like this in the middle of all the junk from my childhood, but there you have it. I guess it just goes to show you - you can never tell what's going to happen. Not with Butch around.







TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE
THE HANDCUFFS - JENNIFER
OF THE NANCYS AND LINDA OF THE
KENTUCKY FRIED FIVE

PHOTOS BY G. B. O. K.?



AMANDA AND MEAN:
JUVENILE, AND
OH . . . SO DELINQUENT

J.D.s

even among kids like these, there is a code. She denies her girlhood and flaunts her sex. Some girls deliberately provoke this kind of excitement. With others, sexual excitement, and involvements just happen. So does trouble.

like all girl gangs, had a code, for like all girl gangs, had a code, for

Like all of the gang girls and boys, she was a practicing cop-hater, and like most gang girls and boys, she feared their power and resented their authority. Not that so-called delinquents don't know the difference between right and wrong. They know. They just don't happen to agree with the current definitions. Juvenile delinquents are not without values and standards of behavior. It's just that their values are different. It's not easy to love a delinquent girl. She's vulgar, she's coarse.

She despises the world.

THIS IS NOT CHAOS



F.F.U., THE WORLD! SEZ AMANDA AND
MEAN JEAN

HARD-CORE



G.B. Jones and Bruce La Bruce, editors of J.D.s,
published by The New Lavender Panthers.

J.D.s is dedicated to the furtherance of **HARD-CORE** photography, and literature - without confining itself to material which will offend no one or avoiding that which may offend some. It is our belief that freedom of communication shall not be denied to any segment of our society even though that group may be anathema to the so-called "normal" majority. If we were wise enough, we might know that communication may have greater therapeutic value than any sermon that those of the "normal" community can ever offer. ■ And if the communication is of value to the so-called "deviant" community, how can it be said to be without any redeeming social importance? Redeeming to whom? Importance to whom?

J.D.s came into being because of your demand.

The famous photographers and artists whose work you will see regularly in J.D.s decided to publish this magazine to satisfy a need that is evident through *your* letters and requests. So the contents of J.D.s will never be picked casually at random by an editor out-of-touch with the readers, but will always be the best of the pictures that *you* request — and as many of them as we can fit in! From time to time there will be articles on THE HARDCORE SCENE, entertainment and the models we feature.

PHOTO: DAVE-1D

HEY, KIDS ACROSS THE U.S.

(AND PART OF
CANADA)!

THIS IS THE

J.D.s RECRUITING
ISSUE, BUB, AND
J.D.s WANTS YOU!

J.D.s IS

UNLEASHING

A HOMOCORE

COMPILATION

TAPE ON AN

UNSUSPECTING

PUBLIC, AND WE

WANT YOUR SONG

ON IT! IF YOU ARE

A HARDCORE GROUP

AND HAVE A SONG

"I don't mind

him being gay,

I just wish he

wouldn't flaunt it."





WITH HOMO

CONTENT,

THEN THAT'S

HOMOCORE!

RUSH YOUR

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO:

J.D.s

POB 1110

Adelaide St. Stn.

Toronto,

Ontario,

Canada

M5C 2K5

PARENT
O PARE
DUD

Premium

Dear MRR,

Let me compliment you on Mykel Board's new piece of work in MRR #10! At least in my opinion he's right. But I know that around here (I don't know about out there) that if you are bisexual you are also a "fag", therefore you might as well be dead. That is unless "THEY" don't find out. Talk about tension, or is that where all those drugs are supposed to come in, or are I spot on a nervous breakdown before I'm 18. No thanks. Having gone through all of the above by the tender young age of 17 I have come to the conclusion that "do whatever you goddamn please and if people pick on you (which will happen) then you have to fight them back. There will never (a bit of pessimism here) be any stopping of this beating up on the minority shit. Everyone is a minority in someone else's eyes. You're right that it would be great if everyone suddenly became bisexual (and fun too). But I don't think that could ever happen. Most people aren't like that. I'm sure you opened up eyes for a lot of people, hopefully some in my community cause I'm running out of band-aid.

Michael Zimmerman/Overland Park, Kansas

DIVIDED AND CONQUERED

Dear MRR,

We read a letter in Issue #7 that we were impressed with. It was from a guy that seemed pretty intelligent; about his being gay and liking hardcore. We wish there were more people who would accept his attitude. Too many people in this "scene" are caught up in the brainwashing of the words "fag" or "gay" being derogatory. Everyone seems to be supportive of the "Unite!" idea, yet they're out to destroy others in their scene who are a little different or don't quite fit in. They claim to support individuality, and yet--well, they should be supportive of anyone and everyone who supports the bands and the scene, whether they're male or female, gay or straight, black or white, straight edge or not...EVERYBODY. We're all in this together, and together is how we can change things.

Anyway, we just wanted to encourage the guy who wrote that letter to keep his attitudes and beliefs. Remember: you can hope for today, and you can hope for tomorrow, but there's no guarantee when you hope for the future unless you do something about it!

Cathie Crooks & Tricia Jappesen
Boise, ID

P.S. We thought his album idea (becoming a "Shaun Cassidy" type teen idol, then popping a thrash album on the little girls) was pretty funny! He should do it.

punk turd-burglar

Dear MRR,

Thanks to M. Board for the mention of J.D.s and to MRR for listing our homocore zine. Some of you may have noticed a discrepancy in the addresses for J.D.s the thing is, we seemed to get evicted a lot or our house gets condemned or some damn thing, so in order to solve the problem, we finally got a P.O. box. Our new mailing address is J.D.s, P.O. Box 1110, Adelaide Station, Toronto, Ont. MSC 2K5, Canada. If you already sent some hate mail or anything to the two different addresses printed in MRR, I'm sure it'll be forwarded to us. So don't sweat it. Also, we're writing an article on the topic of "Gays and Punk" for MRR (if they'll have it), so if anyone has any opinions or rad comments on the subject for us, send them along. And if there are any hardcore homo bands out there who want a little extra "exposure" (ahem), send us some pix of you, buck naked, or at least provocatively posed, and we'll print them in J.D.s, no problem. Or info on your band, interviews, whatever. We also welcome comix, gay fag porno stories, etc. Thank a lot, eh? Easy. G.B. Jones and Bruce LaBruce

Dear MRR,

This letter is in reference to Mykel Board's column in #8 about the article in #5 about "Punk 'fag bashers". Let me explain that I am a gay punk, that is to say, I am a punk who happens to love other men more than I love women.

It disappointed me to read that punks had begun to go out and beat up gay men. I had found that punks were most understanding when I told them that I was gay because we are both groups which are misunderstood and hated by society at large, we have a lot in common. I was outraged when I read in the Native, NY's gay newspaper, that 2 men had been attacked by 3 punks with baseball bats. The man in the picture had to get 100 stitches in his head and face.

I'm sorry that I can't agree with Mykel Board that the gay liberation movement has outlived its usefulness. There are only 8 cities in the US which protect lesbians and gay men from discrimination, and NY (with between 1-2 million gay people) is not one of them. Until gay civil rights are guaranteed by the federal govt., I cannot agree that the gay liberation movement isn't necessary any longer.

I don't like the gay bar scene any more than Mykel does, but I think bars serve an important function. When I try to dance with other men at "straight" bars, I have been subjected to verbal abuse, spitting, and physical threats. I get bruised worst dancing with men at "straight" bars than I do after slamming all afternoon at CBGB's.

I agree that most fag-bashers are reacting to their own feelings of love for other men. But Board's advice is too silly to take seriously. Self-defense against assholes with baseball bats is almost useless. Mykel's Gandhian/Christian idea ("Don't fight 'em, fuck 'em") is stupid. The best defense fag-bashers have in court (if they're caught at all) is to say that the gay men made a pass at them. I'm not a Christian, and I certainly won't turn the other cheek; nor will I love those who hate me.

I would love to see more straight people questioning the sexual roles which they have been forced into by society. It would make me the happiest person alive if other straights reacted to anti-gay statements by saying, like Mykel Board, "We should tolerate them", but "We are them." Gay people don't look any different than the rest of us (at least lesbian and gay punks), so if we all say we're gay, nobody can hate some of us without hating all of us.

David Fleiss/ 47 Claremont Ave #3D/ NY NY 10027

P.S. for Mykel. Please don't refer to lesbians and gay men as homos. I don't think you would call a black a "nigger" nor a Jew a "kike"; please extend the same courtesy and respect to gays.

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MRR and Quad from L-111a KY.

I wanna throw in my "just a thought" about Quad's letter (MRR#53) reacting to Mykel Board's column. Quad, a gender/sex undifferentiated individual, proposes that women need to develop a more "female attitude". Quad brings this up because it seems lately women have been trying to "copy male ideals" and not being males, naturally don't do it as well. Well, I would disagree with that at its own "logic", but instead let me make a few basic observations. Quad seems to think there's some absolute biologically determined personality differences between men and women. Quad is wrong. There are two ways of looking at it: one has to do with sex -- yeah, most of us really appreciate it, and it has to do purely with biology -- dick or twat (male or female); then there's GENDER which is purely SOCIAL, what our society defines as masculine or feminine -- who reads Sports Illustrated vs who reads Better Homes and Gardens. It's obvious -- a gay man for example, is by sex male, but by mainstream social definition of gender, feminine (effeminate). If you look at the situation that way, it's obvious that women have tried both the feminine and masculine definitions of social roles (or ideals, attitudes, whatever you want to call them). Quad suggests that women must look for something else -- I say fuck that! Blaming the victim once again. Maybe it's time for men to try the feminine approach since women have found it necessary to learn both ways. "Just a thought".

But why should we keep having this artificial division of the sexes/genders? It's just one of those things that is a pillar of mainstream power and social control. Frankly, I think women have benefitted from the mind-opening involved in learning the ropes of being masculine as well as feminine, with a lot of suffering because men are still mostly stuck in one gender. What we really need to do is just all start acting like HUMANS. Get rid of the idea of Maginot and start working on a idea of humanness which gives everyone a chance for the full range of their personalities to come out. More than just a thought. "While me", you agree, disagree or have another thought. J.Y. b7k 5/15. Ferg. Bloomfield, NJ 070

1-dyke oi-boy
b-gobbler gear

d knob-gobbler
np-ranger

ksucker
bin boy

d turd
bie fr
broth

ap-cha
ull-dy

sherry X P.O. Box 514/ Philadelphia PA 19105

gaylord rump-ran

Dear MRR,

Just when I was beginning to think that I was the only "punk" who could utter the word "feminist" without sneering, along comes MRR. First was Robin Vote's surprisingly feminist article on violence against women. (I figured that was just a fluke.) Then in #35 Steve Spratt pulled this with his anti-macho, pro-woman critique of our sacred scene. (My sentiments exactly.) Heck, even Mykel Board, who's no genius at sexual politics, has finally realized that not all feminists are the same (i.e. anti-porn, "homophobes", "fascist"). Maybe there's hope for the world after all.

Personally I'm waiting for the day when I can go to a show and see punks wearing women's power symbols, and labyrinths and hand names like FRIGHTWIG and ANTI-SCRUTINY FACTION on their leather jackets. Then I will know that I'm not the only radically feminist, openly queer punk in the world.

Sherry X P.O. Box 514/ Philadelphia PA 19105

shap-chaser

gaylord rump-ran

fuck-buddy gear box

MRR readers

So homophobia finally comes out of the "punk closet". The more involved with the scene I get the more I notice this "punk approved" form of hatred. I have learned a few things about the American scene: not all punks are politically active; not all punks are anti-establishment; and most definitely, not all "punks" are punks. To me there is no difference between a fuckin YUPPIE neo-fascist senator, Supreme Court Justice or president denying me my "inalienable rights" and an ASSHOLE with a mohawk and army boots beating the shit out of me because I happen to be Gay... both support oppression, no matter what form of music they listen to.

You know who you are: the bands who will sing about acid rain, scream in support of Black South Africans, damn the corporations and then dedicate your next song to "all the laggots-say queers who like to suck dick and deserve to die of AIDS" and then proceed to sing about how much thrill it would be to kill all the laggots or watch them die of AIDS... real punk, real cool. Fortunately there are some beautiful pro-human bands in the area who rise above petty bigotry (A.P.P.L.E., URGENT FURY).

I'll be the first to admit that the U.S. Gay "movement" (if you can call it) has not been at all receptive to punk. Then again, with a bunch of white upper-middle class men running the "movement" what else can you expect. Homophobia may be universal, but why can't punk overcome it? But no, keep on bashing the lags... help the Establishment with their divide and conquer plan of attack. Thank you, Peace Love Anarchy.

Ray M. POB 14/ Selden, NY 11784-0014

Dear MRR,

Hi I just want to say that at first I thought that your having an all-womanish was a good idea. It's great to give women a larger voice than they might normally have. But then, I started to think that it is somewhat sexist against men. I cannot see how separation can help things—it only builds barriers.

I'm writing because every day I deal with something that 10% of all punks do too: I'm a lesbian. This gives me different experiences than straight punks will have to deal with, and I want to share them because I know out there someone must also be in the same situation that I am. Being gay was something that was really hard for me to accept for many years, a large part of that was because of the homophobetic atmosphere of my family. But just like being a punk, this is the way I am, and I would never change it. I wish I could change the attitudes of so many punks who hate gays. I want to ask them what is so wrong with love? Even if it isn't what's considered "normal" by society—so what, skins and punks aren't considered normal either, and we don't give a shit. We even take pride in that—so why should gays be any different?

A lot of the time I feel so alone, so isolated. I go to gay meetings at school, to lesbian rap sessions, and about all I have in common with the other dykes is that I'm a woman who loves women. How do other punk dykes meet friends and girlfriends? I mean, shit, not all lesbians want to go dance to Stacy Q all night or go to gay bars. It is really hard being a subculture within a subculture, because most lesbians don't relate to punks and there aren't a whole hell of a lot of other girls I know or meet at gigs who are gay too. And I live in L.A. I feel so sorry for gays in really small scenes, how awful that must be. I've tried going out with lesbians not into my music, but it is hard because there is a big chunk of my life I can't really share with them. I'd be interested in hearing replies on the subject. For acceptance and equality. Bamby

P.S. Hi and lots of love to Elo and the gang in Tottenham. I miss you guys so much—sorry for taking so long to write back! Also to Ross, the most gorgeous skin in London, Bubba, and Leo. Sorry for acting like such a cunt. I hope things are working out OK for you.

IF YOU COME TO SAN FRANCISCO...

Attention gay/lesbian punks,

If you are interested in politics at all, and would like to come to San Francisco this summer during the Democratic convention, you can stay with me if you like. I am a gay male, age 26, and sex is not a requirement for a free place to stay. I don't expect sex or anything else. I just want to help you get here so you can witness for yourself the convention area, which could turn out to be big news. And also being gay, I'm sure you have a curiosity about S.F., so you can see for yourself what it's like.

I'll still be slaving away flipping out fast food while you're here. I think it would do us good to meet people from other parts of the country who have 2 such important things in common—being gay and being punks. That's about it, except for one more very important point, and that is—I am not rich. I live in a tiny little room in a bathroom down the hall type of place. But if I can handle living here, I'd guess you can handle it for a week.

J.T. / 36 Duboce St. S.F. CA 94103

P.S. On the way out chance that a straight punk needs a place to stay during the convention and would consider taking up this offer—go ahead. In fact, I was going to make this offer just to punks in general, but I thought I'd better not. The way some punks are, there could be trouble if when they got here they found out I was gay (just another example of how gay people have to modify any ideas that comes into their head because of PREJUDICE).

Dear MRR and Readers,

It seems as if the letter section has become quite the forum for un-informed bigoted types who are afraid of forms of love that do not fit their narrow views of what is OK.

I am gay as are many of my friends, and after seeing too much psychological and physical violence committed against us by those who know nothing about us, I feel that is about time that I speak out about it.

I naively used to think that "punk" had a lot to do with such things as non-conformity and anti-authoritarianism but it is obvious that many "punks" are embracing the ideals of the most repressive elements of society without question. It seems as if most of the people who actually questioned the repressiveness of society through "punk" have gotten disillusioned and/or are now doing other things. Please correct me if I'm wrong.

About homosexuality, I will attempt to clear up a few myths that keep spreading around without any basis in fact. MYTH 1: All gay men have anal sex. FACT: There are many different ways that men can express their love for each other and many have never had or do not prefer to have anal sex. MYTH 2: No one cares about our sexual preferences, people wouldn't make such a big deal if we would just stop complaining. FACT: Homosexuality is violently repressed in most societies, especially in ones that are influenced by repressive religions. In Germany, Hitler put about 200,000 homosexuals to death on the basis of their sexuality. They were often the first to go. In America, gay sex is illegal in 23 states. Is it really a good idea to have the government in our bedrooms? Think about it.

Far from just complaining, we are demanding a situation where open affection between members of the same sex would not be any big deal and there would be no need to make an issue out of it. MYTH 3: Gay men hate women. FACT: If this is true then straight women also hate women and straight men hate men. Gay men and lesbians come from all walks of life and have a very wide range of personalities. I've known quite a few people who did not believe I was gay because I did not fit a lot of the media/authoritarian stereotypes, this is the experience of many gays. MYTH: Gays give us AIDS. FACT: Even if we put all the CIA/germ warfare evidence aside (which would in itself be looking away from the obvious), it would be interesting to note that in many countries, AIDS is primarily a heterosexual disease and besides, how can someone's sexual preference determine the onset of a virus? Someone please tell me!

Oh, I would hate to tell this to all of the homophobes, but the rate of transmission of AIDS in gay men is getting close to 0% thanks to safer sex practices. AIDS is more easily spread through unprotected heterosexual intercourse. This has been proven.

After freeing myself from the guilt and fear-ridden stranglehold of established Christianity, I could find nothing "weird" or "wrong" in same sex love, instead I found it to be a wonderful experience.

Maybe if you could imagine you were gay and had to grow up with all of the guilt, fear, violence, and bigotry that this society has to offer, than you can imagine how we feel. Think for yourself.

Bill Brown/ Santa Cruz, CA

SEX POLL RESPONSES

Dear MRR,

I'm writing to thank you for printing the results of the women's poll in Issue #7. I hope this will awaken people to the hypocrisy within hardcore today. I always believed that punk spoke out against oppression for all... But apparently, whether they realize it or not, a lot of punks seem to be only fighting oppression which faces young, white, heterosexuals (themselves).

There is a lot of sexism inherent in today's hardcore. This fact nullifies any good which comes from the movement. It simply sets up another level of oppressor and oppressed. I cannot figure out why so many punks dislike cowboys, metal heads, and macho jocks, and yet have the same attitudes themselves. Women, minorities, and gays have the right to trash just as much as anyone else. The bands who contain sexist themes in their songs, had better educate themselves on the problem, and change. An already diluted movement does not need this sexist bullshit. If punk continues on the path it's on now, it will deservedly die.

Jeff Myers/ 600 Univ. Ave SE/ Minneapolis MN P.S. Congratulations on having the guts to be preachy once in a while.

Soap-chaser gaylord rump

fuck-buddy gear box (punk rump-ranger)

Yo MR&R.

This was gonna be a nice short letter... because I'm in such a hurry, but fuck it. Too much to say.

AW SHIT NOT MORE: And yes there are gay punks, but it sure seems like there aren't sometimes. Growing up gay for me wasn't much fun; all I found was this mindless disco bunny clothes-horse shit, and that definitely wasn't for me. I had friends, went to discos, but because I couldn't see any alternative, not because I liked it. I had/have "straight" friends, but I just didn't have it together enough to speak out when people yell "faggot" or whatever; it's still fucking hard now, and now I'm a loudmouth and everything. Who could expect anyone just out of high school to take on the world on their attitude towards sexuality? Shit, I'm still figuring it out at 32! I don't pick my friends by "gay" or "straight" first, but not everyone is cool, what can you do? I'm lucky to have great people to live with, gay and straight, and we're looking for a woman to make a fifth person here.

So yeah, it starts small... it gets easier and easier the more people who come out in the punk world, I'm not involved in clubs etc that much, but it's the only part of the world I've ever felt part of, felt that sense of community. Even though in most of it I'm not "out", and don't have a boyfriend, socially, politically and every other part of me feels closest to the "punk" world, whatever that might be. But still, you go into a punk or HC show where everyone's talking about oppression and discrimination, and you hear "you faggot!" (etc) and people wonder why there's no gay punks? We're here but...

And someone wrote in MR&R #51? I forgot, that there is no gay/straight; it is a continuum from one end to the other. I agree completely, but the fact is that in the many worlds that make up the one we all consider the "real world", gay & straight ARE different because THEY MAKE IT THAT WAY. And that creeps into everything, like it or not. I can be anything I want, but I have to at least keep in mind that others can be threatened by it, and may threaten me in return. I don't bother to get in complex theoretical arguments over it, fuck it, get out in the world and live it; put your ass on the line and it's a little different.

MORE BURNING QUESTIONS: Every pit I've ever been in goes counter clockwise. I'm still waiting to hear from people in England which way theirs goes. Doesn't Hong Kong drive on the "other" side too? It really is an interesting thing, why would it be so consistent? Mammilian inner ear construction? So you can push & grab the crowd wall with your right hand?

What's the story on punks and Green politics? Anything here in the U. S.? I read some stuff in *Umo Reader* was wondering... I better go this is awfully long. Keep living loving and working at it...

Tom Jennings/ 164 Shipley/ San Francisco CA 94107

To anyone who will listen:

I guess I'm writing (or should I say commenting) on the Guest Opinion in issue #44. Why are people so prejudiced towards homosexual and bisexual human beings? I don't understand it. These people are human just like you and the next guy, yet people treat them like total shit, inanimate objects, dirt, leeks of nature, etc., etc. These guys or girls are people too. Personally, I have no homo- or bi-sexual tendencies in me but some of my best friends are "gays, fags, queens" and they are the kindest, most caring people I know. They don't wear pink and have rubber-wheeled ether. I would have never known if they didn't tell me. The only thing different about them is their sexual preference, and why should that be any of my concern? I can understand why it could scare people with talk of AIDS and other sexual diseases, but all these people have to do is be careful. Keep in mind, AIDS isn't a "gay" disease. Drug users get it too, as well as perfectly innocent people who just go to give blood. Maybe you don't agree with me, maybe you do. Everyone has a right to their own opinion no matter what side they're on. Right? Write if you'd like, state your views. I'll listen and respond. Peace Unity & Longevity

Becky 16-1/2 E Oxford St Duluth, MN 55803

Punks should know best: being different does not make someone bad, sick, or evil. Though many punks dress in alternative manners, listen to different music, and generally play by a different set of rules, they don't expect to be beat up or harassed because they are different. They know it's not fair. Then why, why are so many punks so intolerant of others that are different, especially gays? Certainly, homosexuals should not be condemned simply because they are different in their sexual preference, thus, labelling gays as "buttfucking faggots" is just as bad as calling a black person a "nigger" or an asian a "chink".

Many bands and fanzines still condone this plain idiocy, yet profess the catch-all slogan "think for yourself". Too bad many punks simply don't practice this maxim.

It's time to end "queer-bashings", homophobic songs, and posters that say "Be there or be a fag". Hey punks, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Let's start practicing some of the egalitarianism we preach!

Although I am not gay, I've realized that being different is alright, remember, for some people, being gay is okay, just like for some people...it's okay to be a punk.

Peace, Michael K/Cliffs
1006 Churchill
Milwaukee, WI
53217

MRR

Now I really am angry toward you, MRR! I never am, because I like MRR for several reasons. One of these is that you take a clear stance against racism, fascism, sexism and frequently when it comes up, against anti-gay violence and oppression.

The more I am angry that...despite your fine talk...you insert a drawing going with the NY scene report (issue 22) of a CRO-MACs gig.

Did you at least take a good look at it? There's this CRO-MAC thing about hassling someone with something like a henbag (how funny) and a newspaper that says things like "perverted news" (supposedly a gay newspaper) and "gev-to bafe" (it's very clear to whom this music is meant with a chain). Now, you and me call this "poyer-fag-bashing". So why...spits of your stance against this? Do you insert this drawing?

Apparently you manage to just put things in your mag without critically looking at it.

Now, I am not offended by this drawing itself. It made me smile and a feeling of pity came up to me. I know this drawing is coming from a sick mind. The harder people yell against something, the closer they are to it themselves, for they are afraid of it.

Most queer bashers turn out to be gay or have homosexual feelings toward men. They have to beat up guys to prove for their "friends" and especially for themselves that they are real "men" and have no such feelings.

A very clear example is this one: the Nazis persecuted and murdered thousands of gays because first, gays can't live up to standards of a Nazi-state and secondly, (main reason) paranoia and homophobia.

In Nazi Germany and Italy a very distinct division was made between men and women. Women had to go back to their sinks and dishes and reproduce a lot of children to fill the armada. Men had to rule public life everywhere. Women were dismissed from work, Army, work, and a view of how men had to behave in public life was propagated strong, productive. Nerd, blind, wanting to sacrifice himself for the fascist ideals.

Since there were no women around the men living in male communities in SA, SS, etc. It was very logical that men would seek comfort and affection with each other. This, in fact, happens in prisons, wars, etc.

The more men live in closed communities, the more it's likely they "do it" with each other.

Now even if men touched each other on the shoulder you risked being sent to a concentration camp.

I think we all sometimes have feelings we think bad of because parents, school, church, society structures said these feelings are bad and as try to put these away in one way or another. It's normal. But if you start beating up someone for what he or she is doing what you try to put away—that's bad because the first one to be blamed is yourself for not being honest to yourself. That's why gay lesbians, black children, women, etc. are being oppressed we as so called minorities represent the things you learned are bad. We are the people our minorities represent the things you learned are bad. We are the people our parents warned us against.

When punk started it made no difference whether you were black, gay/lesbian, or what. We were all fighting for the first time together for our lives, against all the people and institutions who educated us: marriage, church, having children, making a career, die for your country, have a mortgage on your house, consume as much as possible. What do you think gays are fighting against—especially those (such as me) from lower classes who have no means to buy your "freedom"?

It's real bullshit to see this. It's becoming more and more a taboo within the punk scene to do as you please, to feel free with your own people. It strikes me as well that so many American bands have somewhere in their lyrics things like "you look like a faggot", "fucking queer", etc. I hardly hear this from bands from other countries.

Anyway, there's a lot more to say about this. I would like other punks and skins to write me about your experiences as above. Thank, Ray, P.O. Box 881, 6900 Arnhem Holland.

fuck-buddy gear box (punk rump-ranger)
chan-chaser gear



Dear MRR & Readers

Every month in the letters section we're treated to another barrage of ignorance from people like Oi! I Hate You! etc. Everyone has a right to express their opinions, and I'm glad some homophobes do express them instead of just going out and beating up gay people (or people they think are gay) but likewise I have a right to tell you how stupid your opinion is if you're a homophobe

I was originally just going to write and say that no matter what you all-natural straight power good ole boys ('n girls) say, homosexuals aren't going to go away, so why not just accept it since it doesn't do anybody any harm. The more I thought about it, though, the angrier I got.

Where the hell do you homophobes get off perpetuating oppression and misery on a group of people that never did anything to you?... Oh, no, wait. You say "fags hit on me all the time. Ain't life hell when those oppressed minorities start acting sassy? Why don't you join the South African government, the K.K.K. or the C.I.A. while you're at it, since the oppression they do is just about as justified? Why don't we run over the facts once more... I'm sure you can sing along...

The only innate difference between straights and gays is their sexual/love preference. There are effeminate gay and straight men, for example. There are gay assholes and straight assholes, as well as really great straight and gay people. There is no such thing as the stereotypical gay, or the stereotypical straight. Gays are just people.

Sexuality is not a matter of choice. Homo-sexuality is not a matter of "weakness"... it's just a different sexual preference.

Gay people did not cause AIDS... what a ridiculous theory! "Let's cause an epidemic that will kill hundreds of thousands of us!" Get real. You could say that AIDS is so widespread because gays are promiscuous. Well, some gays are promiscuous. Some straights are promiscuous, too, and they would have spread it just as quickly.

As for the claim that it's "unnatural" to be gay: What do you mean? Do you mean that homosexuality does not occur in nature? Oh well, neither does punk rock. I can't think of a more irrelevant statement. Do you mean that homosexuality has no purpose because it doesn't make babies? Surprise, kids! Most of the things that human beings do really have very little to do with survival of the species. We've come a long way, babies. Besides, human sex and love, whether it be straight or gay is more than just a way to make babies. What about love, companionship, or plain old fun? Homosexuality has been around for a long, long time, and it's just as natural to gay people as heterosexuality is to straight people.

To those of you who say it's disgusting or that you just can't deal with it... If you can see gay sex as disgusting, then you can see "straight" sex as disgusting. I personally have a hard time seeing any kind of love as disgusting. Don't let M.O.D. fool you... gay people fall in love. Don't tell me you can't "deal" with homosexuality. You aren't the one that has to deal with being unacceptable by an ignorant society.

Also every month in the letters section there's a letter or two from people who are sick of homophobia and want to do something about it, like Joey in the May 88 issue. Here's to you for having the courage enough to say something and the courage to care. Stupid old idealist me, I have to say we can always use more caring and less hating. One thing we can "do" about homophobia is to just be aware of what's truth and what's ignorance concerning sexuality, and try and get others to be aware. It's hard, but speak out if you can. Maybe we can beat this problem through awareness and tolerance, and then we can use those things to light bigger problems like racism and apartheid. To close: If you're gay, all I can say to you is don't be down on yourself and don't give up hope. Thax for listening.

Lincoln Torrey / Box 472 / Mansfield, MA 02048

SKINHEAD gear box punk rump-ranger boy
CONTRÖVERSY knob gobblie ear
brother knob nobbler turd
um-chum k' nobbler turd
gay ds gay burglar
k-buddy kid tu
um-A World people talk
about in Whispers and
in Words not used in
polite conversation
gear box bull
gear box punk r
gay-barbull-dy
brothe
um-ch
ds ge
burgla
k-bud
um-chi
rb-bai
b-mal
rump-ranger gear
Soap-chaser gaylord rump-ranger le

Harley Flannagan, Bass

Photo - Bruce Rhodes

Is it true that CRO-MAGS bassist HARLEY, the pope of east coast macho-core, was spotted coming out of Heaven, a popular gay disco in London? Rumors to that effect have emanated from London band, the HOMO-SAPS, now in the process of relocating to SF. The SAPS, who bill themselves as the first heavy metal gay Muslim thrash band, have as their motto, "I slam for Islam."

Dearly Beloved,

May I please have my opinions heard even though I own no typewriter? Directed at "Oi, I hate you" and "Paranoia don't make me write etc. etc." You people suck! I used to be like you two but you know what happened? I CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET!! I could give a shit what semen (sperm) is secreted for. Do you only have sex to make babys? Since we're talking nature let me ask you this! If hair is supposed to keep growing, why do people keep cutting it.

Well my feeling is, homophobic people realize their homosexual tendencies and are afraid of them. So they cover them up by hating all gays.

I used to be a skin head too but I'm not anymore. Guess which one, Terry.

If they won't sign theirs, I won't sign mine.



YUCK-SUUUYY YEAL DOXPUNK RUMP-RANGER

Extra Extra Extra Extra

SKINHEAD CONTROVERSY

"Reports out of New York have it that singers from the city's leading skinhead bands, having read or heard about Donny the Punk's article, "My Secret Life with Skinheads" (J.D.S #4), have been going around asking each other: "Were you the guy that pissed on Donny the Punk in the CBGB's john?" and wondering why they weren't invited to the wet and wild skinhead piss parties described in the article..."

ezbie friends yay
punk turd-burglar

To all Maximum Rock and Roll Readers,

What the hell's going on? I don't make it a habit of reading these little fanzines but my boyfriend picked one up so I decided to read it. Now wasn't that stupid! What's all this shit about skinheads? All these people are writing in about the racism of skins. Why don't all of you just drop it! Most of this shit started (I mean the threats on skins) when a bunch of us were kicking back at a park when all of a sudden some stupid nigger (nigger not just any black person) overreacts and starts writing down licence plate numbers. Then people found out that some of those at skin manor were associated with The White Student Union and all hell broke loose. Believe me I know what's up. I was there. I was even writing a book which was lost at that time. (It was about N. Calif. Skinz)

No that I've gotten that out I'd like to say one more thing: That faggot that said he was a skin, well, let me tell you something... you're fucking crazy! What the hell are you trying to do, die young? No way, no. How can a faggot be a skin. There is no such fucking thing! That's just as stupid as saying "punk rockers are cool". God! What the hell will these idiots come up with next? That guy is fucking lost. It's like actually having Jackson as a president. Ha ha. Dream on fag! Like I said before "no way!"

And to anyone who agrees with me, let's find out who this homo is and rip his fucking head off! Sounds good to me. Sincerely, Spot.



DEAR SPOT: HERE'S
J.D.S FAVEGAY
SKINHEAD, MR.
DAVE - ID! LEARNING
SOME LESSONS IN "TOUGH
LOVE" FROM A "COOL PUNK
ROCKER" SKINHEADS LINE
UP HERE, PLEASE. LOVE,
THE N.L.P.

im-chi

b-bar

b-ma

gear

J.D.S:

Please send me a copy of your latest issue. I saw the issue with Donny the Punk and his baptism of piss. What a turn-on-hard-on - tell your friends that Washington D.C. has some hot skins. Sure would like to see more photos of punks showing cock I'm tired of all these pretty boys in the gay mags. I work in a record store and like the Buttholes.

Rhys

tuck-buddy gear box purr tump-tangle

Dear MRR,

I would like to offer Teg & anyone else interested some arguments against people who say homosexuality is unnatural.

Does unnatural mean never done by animals (other than humans)? According to Michael Russ in 'The Morality of Homosexuality' (philosophy and Sex eds. Rob Baker & Fred Ellison), homosexuality is widespread among animals. Primates engage in mutual masturbation and anal intercourse, in some mammals the males mount each other and climax, and females show strong bonding along with sexual type behavior among themselves.

Does unnatural mean that there is no biological point to it? Obviously, people who engage only in homosexuality are not direct participants in reproduction & thus the evolution of the species. There is however, a phenomenon called 'kin selection' which involves reproduction by proxy (i.e. helping close relatives to reproduce more effectively). This has been documented in the animal world among ants, bees and wasps. One interesting possible correlation can be found among some Native American cultures. In some tribes, homosexuals became shamans who were powerful and had great financial influence in the group. Thus, the shaman was able to keep his close kin to make good marriages & to keep the family line going.

Can anything which exists really be 'unnatural'? Sounds impossible to me. Something either is or it isn't. Whatever exists must be natural.

Are humans completely controlled by biology? I'd say obviously not. Any discussion of human behavior must take into account culture. Homosexuality might not, according to some people, be part of our animal nature (i.e. biology), but it could be an aspect of our human nature (i.e. culture).

Does biologically unnatural, if there is such a thing, mean immoral? Questions of biology and questions of ethics are, I believe, entirely separable subjects. I do not think naturalness/morality are logically connected. As Russ says, "Whether we do something or not is one thing. Whether it is moral or immoral is quite another."

I could go into the question of perversions, Kamien & Utilitarian analyses, the religious case against homosexuality, etc. but I really just wanted to give you people a good weapon against those who scream 'unnatural!'. I highly recommend the book *Philosophy and Sex*. It discusses multiple aspects of not only homosexuality but also adultery, monogamy, the semantics of sex (i.e. Chicks & Punks!), feminism, abortion, promiscuity, and "perversion". It's published by Prometheus Books. The paperback is \$16.95. For that reason I suggest you check second hand book stores first. It really is worth reading especially if you tend to get involved in lots of arguments. Dazzle them with logic, my friends. Good luck to everyone trying to bring a little rational thought to the world. LOVE, Adam/PCG 8218 White Oak/ San Antonio TX 78230

P.S. Be careful, folks. My friend Paul at *Presenters of Mind* in Dallas says that the post office (or someone else?) has opened his mail several times they seem to be inclined to open large envelopes or folded over 'zines with @ on them.

ezbie friend

Dear Adam and MRR,

In the December '87 issue Adam wrote a letter full of points for gays and gay advocates to argue against those who say it's unnatural. Well I have to say that I think it's just as natural and all that, but homosexuals are often heterophobic and that annoys me (I, as the world must know by now, am gay... so I can talk), why doesn't anyone mention that? I hear them say, "How can he fuck her when we're so much better?" I'd like to see gays live up to their ones of equal rights. I know from firsthand experience that gays (at least in New Jersey) resent straight people, and put down those who aren't as pretty as they are. In New Jersey if you're gay you better be incredibly good looking or be in a clique or you won't be given a second thought! There is no gay community in NJ, just a bunch of apathetic homos who don't care about those of us who aren't perfect like them! I want so badly to love and care about someone. They have denied me this. I am alone and unhappy with my way out so long as I'm in NJ and I can't afford to just move. It's sad that in this world pedophiles, assholes, rapists, warmongers and fascists abound and do well while one person has to lash out at his peers 'cos they deny him the right to live and love as an equal. Being gay sucks! Especially when other gays won't let you be who you are!

Gary Hemp 522 Birch St./ Bayville, NJ 08721

Dear MRR and Gary Hemp,

I don't know if you'll still print this letter, because the letter I want to respond to was in your May issue, and the June is already out. But if my letter can help Gary and his feelings of isolation then it's worth risking not getting printed.

I too, am gay. Now a days that is not such a big deal to me but for a long time it was really a fucking hard thing to deal with. And punk didn't help any. Guz even though the punks say they're totally trying to change the world, they still yell words like faggot and queer (I know I'm generalizing, but I can only speak from personal experience.) But they don't yell shit like Nigger and Spic.

I wanted to write to Gary (but there was no address) and tell him that a lot of gays are assholes. But a lot of straight people are too. Fucking 75% of all the people in this world are proof that God picks his nose.

I'd never do any of the shit that happened to Gary. Cuz there's too much ugliness in this world and it don't need anymore. If you can't trust people who call themselves friends who the fuck can you trust?

I've been used too. There was this guy who I was in love with and he had sex with me, and it was the most incredible experience I'd ever had. I'd never felt that loved before in my life, and then the next morning he told me that he just wanted to "experiment" and that it wasn't his speed. Now I can respect that. But I can't respect the fact that he knew how I felt about him, and he used me for his fucking guinea pig.

We're still friends, but that hurt like hell. I ain't no flaming queen or a pretty boy. I'm a fucking punk, and I sometimes wonder if there's anyone out there who's like me. Are all gays assholes? Are they all effeminate? Straight people don't have to accept the "gay lifestyle". Fucking I'm gay and don't respect a lot of it. It's bullshit! But just because someone is gay is no reason to hate them. Shit, you can hate aspects of black culture but you don't hate black people, the same thing applies to any minority group.

I think there's a lot of cool (gay) people out there, but a lot of em are afraid that if they come out of the closet they're gonna get grouped with all the assholes.

So if enough cool gay people (like Gary) stand up and say, "Hey, I'm gay, but I don't go for that shit that the stereo typed gays go for," then there may be a lot more happy people, gay and straight. Thanks for your time.

K.F./Livermore, CA

Dear MRR,

I have been noticing with more than passing interest, an increase in the number of letters from readers of a gay orientation who are choosing to use MRR as a forum in which to delineate their issues and concerns. Does this seeming trend reflect an increase in the number of letters you receive regarding these issues and concerns, or does it reflect a newfound willingness on the part of MRR to recognize these as legitimate concerns within the scene, worthy of attention?

Most people would agree that as a species, man a remaining biological urges stem from the will to survive. Apart from this basic survival urge which enlists systemic reactions harnessing adrenalin responses enabling fight or flight, when our bodies need nourishment and replenishment, we become hungry and thirsty, we eat and drink when we are in need of rest and repair, we become tired we sleep. The survival of the species needs to be ensured, we sense sexual urges we fuck. This is how it works, gang, on the most fundamental biological level.

Man functions on other levels as well, however, and because of a built in fail safe mechanism to see to it we heed these biological urges, there is an accompanying pleasurable sensation attractive to the organism. Thus man enjoys the dubious distinction of being able to subvert biological urges into the psychological urge for pleasurable sensation in varying degrees along a continuum, the extreme being obsessive-compulsive behavior: gluttony, nymphomania, satyriomania, persons constantly placing themselves in situations of high risk and grave danger to stimulate adrenal rushes.

O.K. So what? Well, the prevailing argument amongst opponents of same sex relationships, the one which seems to hold the most water, is that homosexuality is unnatural — it subverts the natural order. Sorry folks, the only sex that is natural is that done to propagate the species — sex with procreation as the end — if you're not intending to make babies — if you take precautions to insure fertilization does not occur, it ain't natural!

And if you're subverting the natural order in search of pleasure, what's the difference if you do it with someone of the same or of the opposite sex? It's just varying degrees of the same compulsion along the continuum, and nothing to hate or fear in another nor against which discriminate especially in light of varying degrees of compulsion our society reveres and holds as ideals.

Furthermore as a supposed alternative to society at large, with the misfits, outcasts and exiles who make up our ranks, we of all peoples should be at the very least, tolerant of differences in lifestyles, but alas, we tend to become like the worst in those we oppose.

Living in Minneapolis, the "Land of 10,000 Lakes, lakes and fags," there is much in the stereotypical gay lifestyle I find repellent. But stereotypes are extreme along the behavioral spectrum, and gays exist throughout the entire range of this spectrum. It's unfortunate when any individual chooses to focus his entire life's energy on any aspect which doesn't merit this focus, i.e. sexual orientation. It is even more unfortunate that this vast submerged portion of the iceberg feel compelled to live lies, closeted or double-lives for fear of being grouped with extremes. But their fear is very real and very justified in most scenes and most cities.

Gary Hemp in the May '87 issue K.F. in the August '87 issue, neither of you included addresses in your respective letters. I'm including mine in hopes both of you will write, and anyone else who isn't about to let peer pressure or rules and expectations of social conformity determine their partners with whom they choose to be intimate.

Tesco Vee said, "I'm not gay, I'm not straight, I'm not Bi - I'm TRI — I'll try anything." This is an irresponsible attitude to be sure, especially in light of AIDS, but it is closer to what the prevailing punk attitude should be, rather than "Kill the fucking faggots."

Teg/4338 43rd Ave So/ Minneapolis, MN 55406

bull-dyke

Dear MRR,

I was appalled by Gary Hemp's letter (in #58), which is steeped in self-hatred and sexual frustration. Of course there are gay men who condemn hetero, or who won't bother with anyone who isn't extremely good looking in a conventional way. Gary's letter is giving power to the lesbians who would have us hate ourselves for those qualities which separate us from the norm, from what is approved and popular.

Every set of people has standards, or do it seems. When I became a punk in 1981, I learned that punk was no different in many ways. That it was filled with extremely looks-ist, racist, sexist attitudes. I've had my share in the scene for being homosexual, for appearing at hardcore shows in a dress, etc., etc. **BUT** — the punk movement is one of the few movements which is also filled with intelligent, caring people who are concerned about the world and those of us who live in it.

Self-love is a difficult lesson to learn. Gary complains about not having a boyfriend because he doesn't fit in with the NJ gay scene; but to not fit in is cause for celebration, not this pathetic crying. Hardly a week goes by when some group of hardcore punk don't put me down because of my wearing dresses or lipstick or Boy George buttons, but that doesn't make me want that being a punk stink! Punk is my life, it's the only thing that kicks me out of my apathy and gets me really thinking, really feeling. It's the only lifestyle I have known which has taught me how to love and accept myself.

Despite my lifestyle, I have loads of gay and punk friends who accept me as I am. But this can only be possible because I accept who I am. It isn't easy, it's a day by day lesson. Would Gary think differently if he were handsome or popular? Being accepted can be a very negative thing. I get "negative" reactions from people who admire the fact that I'm a professional horror author, or because of my "way rad cool" way of dressing. Superficial acceptance bothers me, as does superficial rejection (which is what Gary Hemp complains of). The NJ gay scene has not denied Gary anything, despite his wounded feelings and loneliness. He has done this to himself. Being gay does not suck, as Gary claims. But his self-hatred and wimpy attitude *sucks* death. Grow up, dude!

Wishing you my dark, dead love,
Wilum Pugmire/ 537 North 66 St./ Seattle, WA 98103



ONE OF BRUCE'S BOYS *

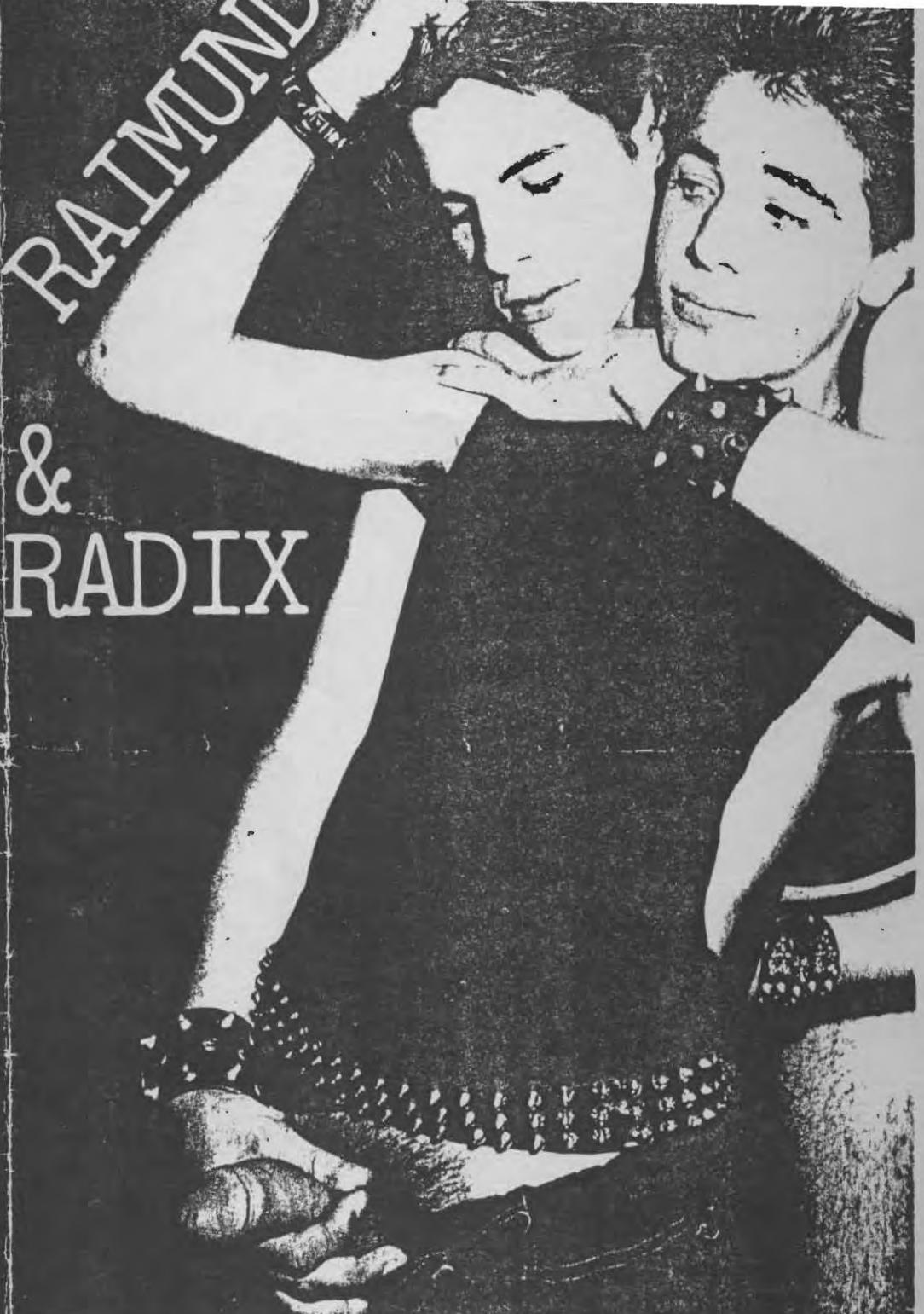
wants
you *

SEX gang

J.D.S

RATMUND

&
RADIX

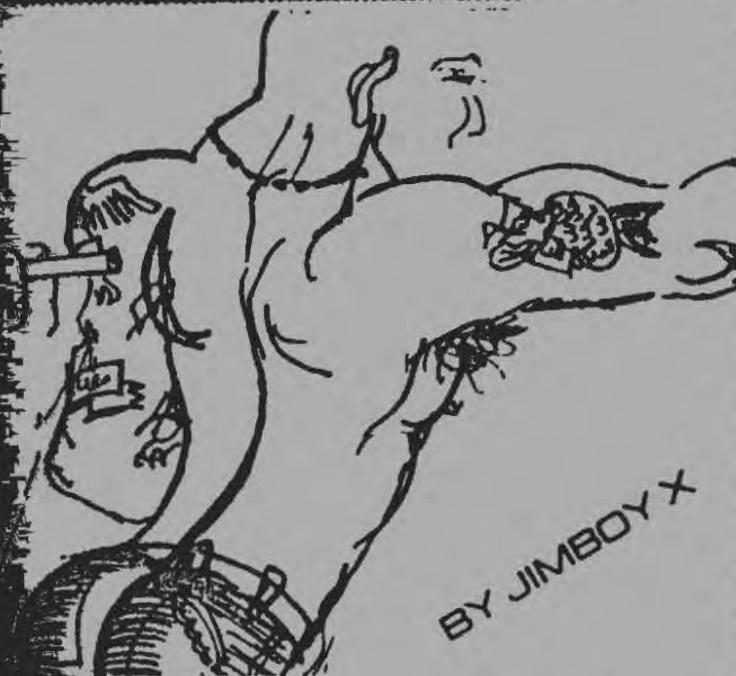


While "Skinhead" continued to

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Jimboy X is lead singer for the legendary Los Angeles hardcore band Severe Tire Damage. His previous short stories—"Fuck the Rich," "Fucking Iggy's Dick" and "The Whores of Perception"—were written in spray paint in a Valley behind the long-gone Masque club. He is believed to be the only gay author in history to have written an entire porno story without using the word "hot." This is his first published story.

The first time I saw the kid was summer at an old downtown house that was being used with hundreds of punks, sceners, trendies and assorted weirdos crammed the place, looking for chic thrills and good music from Crimson Funeral, Fleshbeaters, and Terror. He had a nice ass, a nasty looking blond streak in his soft brown hair, and the kind of teeth that you want to bite.

With my tit, "Mohawk Man" slipped



It turned out the kid was there for Crimson Funeral, and he was dancing his body to the music gotten down. I wanted to grab him from behind and play it cool and let him know it. Besides, he was with a nice looking girl, and there were lots of other people looking and obviously thinking about the party to bother with anyone else he wanted. I circled him and said "hi" to the people behind me, and with a few I didn't know.

The joint was fucking tight, and the usual drug dealers and other guys looking for action were there. One of them was the kid's friend, who already cornered him and had a rip in the seat of the kid's pants. The prettyboy's buns. The kid's friend pushed past to take a look, and the Boys Town boys were looking off Bob, who had made the kid's pubes purple for the last time.

anarchy'

into my a

"Mmmmmmm!" Skinhead was

telling them about it. They wanted to see for themselves. Bob wasn't shy about it, but he had a hunch that he might not ever see his pants again. He was right.

Finally a toilet was available—in a stall with the door ripped off—and I let loose with the six or seven beers that had kicked off the evening. It took forever, one of those endless pisses. I was already soaked with sweat, so while I peed I unbuttoned my shirt. The next thing I knew, a couple of desperate characters had joined me, one on either side, each as goodlooking as the other.

"Save water," one mumbled by way of introduction as he pulled open his black jeans.

"You don't mind," the other smiled, pulling open his black jeans.

"Nope. I might even like it."

"You might."

Two nice sized cocks emerged from their

His big right hand was encased in a black leather glove with the fingers cut out. He stroked the length of his dick a few times, milking out the final drops and making it harder still. "Feels good," he explained. It was happening fast, but I sure didn't care.

"I can't pee with a hardon," I said. "Fuck, I can't believe I'm still peeing!" The piss finally stopped and, as though this were his cue, the skinhead reached out, put his left hand inside my shirt, and squeezed my tit.

"Feels good," he repeated.

I shook off my dick but made no move to put it back in my pants. This is it, I thought. I had never seen these two guys before, and I knew my friends would hear about this, but the beer and the music made it easy.

While "Skinhead" continued to play with my tit, "Mohawk Man" slipped his hand under my balls. I let go of my cock, which was getting hard fast, letting it drop down into his

"Hey faggot!" I knew the voice. It was Wolf. Behind me, my Mohawk Man said "Fuck off." From the tone of his voice I realized that he knew Wolf and they were just kidding around.

"Hey faggot!" Wolf repeated.

I turned to see Wolf smiling at me. I gave him a playful dirty look and said "Who're you callin' faggot, faggot? Get your hand out of those pants," referring to the kid.

"Why, you wanna sit on it?"

"Naw, I wanna fuck your friend's cute little ass."

"It'll cost ya."

"This dick'll cost you. Only Skinhead here gets it free." Hearing this, Skinhead sucked even harder, pushing my pants down to my knees and running his hands up my exposed legs. His tongue lathered my cock with his spit, heightening the sensation of his tight lips and throat. I began to thrust my hips forward.

as Wolf's fat prick exploded in his

pants, setting off a miniature Niagara Falls into the toilet. For a few moments, the three of us played "dueling dicks" with the criss-crossing streams of our clear beer piss. I tried to slow myself down a bit, to make it last, to make time to watch them a little longer. We were all feeling good. I was ready. The one on my left was the first to finish. While he stared down at his cock, I took inventory. Dark skin, orange Mohawk, a single earring, smooth body, no shirt, black leather vest—all of it wet from dancing. As my eyes went further down, he gave his fat dick a few shakes. Then a few more. I kept on peeing.

His friend stood on my right, looking directly at my cock. He was a skinhead, stripped to the waist, very pale, with his shirt hanging from a bellloop. Light brown hair covered his arms and the center of his chest, with a few more hairs circling nice pink nipples. A thicker line of hairs ran from his belly button down to his crotch, and by the time I got my eyes down there, he had started to get hard.

hand. He wrapped his hand around my cock and balls and gave the whole package a squeeze, pulling some blood into it and giving me that tingle. By now, both of them had pumped themselves into erection. I wondered how many guys were standing in the john behind me, watching all of this. Fuck 'em. I reached out with both hands and grabbed their hard meat.

Skinhead pulled my hand away. "I'll come." I didn't believe him, but he quickly went down on his knees to stop me from trying again. I started to stroke Mohawk Man's shaft, which now stood up straight. As I spread the wet spot around on the head of his dick, Mohawk moved around behind me, my hand still tight around his meat. Suddenly he pulled my shirt wide open and back—off my shoulders and down to my arms, in effect tying my hands together with his big fat cock pushed between them. Skinhead wrapped his lips around the head of my dick, then slid all the way down to the base, burying his nose in my pubes and my dick in his throat.

fucking his beautiful face. Behind me, Steve murmured "That's it, that's it" into my ear, while his prick continued to fuck my hands. He put his big sweaty arms around me to feel my stomach and play with my tits. Wolf still had his hand on the kid's ass, but they were both watching us now.

"Hey, Wolf," I said, "bring that little straight boy over here and show us what's he's got there." Wolf and the kid looked at each other and grinned.

The kid spoke for the first time. "I got his hand in there." Wolf jokingly pumped his arm as though he were fistfing the kid. It gave the kid such a rush—tickling him maybe—that pulled away suddenly, causing Wolf's hand completely rip out the back of his jeans, exposing the prettiest little ass this side of City. I heard the Boys Town boys yell out "Gang bang!" and everybody laughed—except for Skinhead, who was just about to make me come. I looked down at his sexy, stubbly shaved head as it moved back and forth below me, making me swell more than

hands securely fastened around his

SUCKING AND GASPING FOR BREATH

ever. Mohawk Man slid his hands down my body and started to squeeze my buns, spreading the cheeks and pushing the head of his cock through my hands and up against the crack of my ass.

"What's goin' on over there?" It was the kid, pulling Wolf over to our stall.

Wolf peered around me to watch Skinhead's mouth work on my prick. "Looks like a cocksucker to me."

"A great cocksucker."

The kid pushed his way through, brushing his bare ass against my bare side. "Let's see." He looked, then smiled at me. "Looks good." He shifted his weight, pressing his buns against my hip. I wanted to come.

Wolf slipped his hand between my leg and the kid's butt, his thick fingers massaging the kid's warm flesh. I looked into Wolf's eyes and he knew what I wanted. Mohawk Man's cock pressed hard against my asshole, and I

"Go ahead, stick it up that sweet ass," Mohawk Man ordered. "Stick it up there and I'll shoot in your hands." He grabbed my cock and pushed it toward the kid's crack.

While still sucking on Wolf's dick, Skinhead stroked himself with his bare left hand and grabbed my balls in his leathergloved right. Wolf started to fuck his face hard, pushing Skinhead's naked head back and forth along his prick, which had gotten so thick that I flashed on that night in the back of his car—the night I first took that fat cock up my ass. The memory made my ass quiver, and I wanted Mohawk Man to push his cock up inside me.

Wolf put his free hand against my mouth. "Gimme some." I spit in his hand and he rubbed it between the kid's spread asscheeks. Wolf looked at me and said, again, "It'll cost ya."

"How much?"

down on it. His face turned up in ecstasy, his eyes closed. As my shaft plunged inside him, shooting waves of pleasure through both of us, Mohawk Man pressed closer behind me, pushing his cock between my hands, between my thighs, and up against my prostate. I resisted him, "Don't, I'll come right now. I wanna fuck this ass—this fine fuckin' ass."

"I'll fuck your ass, you fuckin' shit."

Wolf was watching. "It'll cost ya—that ass is fifty bucks. Plus my cut."

I started stroking the kid's insides with my cock. His muscles tightened around it, his butt slapping against my belly, his powerful legs pressing against mine. Without breaking the rhythm, the kid peeled off his wet T-shirt and braced his hands against the concrete wall. His outstretched arms and back shined with dripping sweat. I tried not to think about that hard little bubble butt grinding against my

mouth. Mohawk Man still had my

leaned forward to kiss the kid, never taking my eyes away from Wolf's. I took the kid's lower lip between my teeth, then closed my lips, sucking it into a kiss. The kid's tongue darted out into my mouth, and our lips parted into a full, deepthroated kiss.

Wolf grinned. "It'll cost ya."

"Pull down your pants," I told him. Wolf undid his fly, revealing a rapidly swelling shaft inside. "Now get some of this before I come." Skinhead heard me and looked up at Wolf. "Wolf's got a big one," I said. "Bring it over here."

I pulled my cock from Skinhead's mouth, letting it dangle against his cheek as Wolf brought his into position.

First Skinhead wet it with spit, then took it all into his mouth. After working it for a few minutes, he swallowed the cock in earnest. Meanwhile the kid had moved around in front of me, his firm round butt pressing against my big wet hardon. I wanted to play with those perfect buns, but Mohawk Man still had my hands securely fastened around his dick.

"Fifty."

"My prick costs fifty, so we're even."

"You never made me pay for that thing."

"That's 'cause you fuck so good. We'll see if he's as good as you." The kid was about to sit back on the cock. Wolf and Mohawk Man spread his cheeks wider, and I felt my swollen cockhead press through the tight sphincter. I let out a little "mmmm."

"Y'like that?" Wolf smiled.

"Mmm. Fuck that man's face and I'll show ya somethin' real nice."

"I'm fuckin' it. I'm gonna shoot down this skinhead's mouth."

"Then shoot it. I wanna see it... Suck it, suck my buddy's dick, make him shoot." Wolf started to pump hard and fast, his balls slapping against Skinhead's chin. Skinhead was beating himself off in the same rhythm, and I could see from the flexing of his thighs and the redness of his cock that he was ready to shoot.

At that moment, the kid finally relaxed, wanting my cock so bad that he had to sit

crotch—I was so close to coming. I wondered if he had a hardon. Then I felt Mohawk Man's cock thrust into my ass.

Wolf saw it happen. "Yeah, fuck 'im. Push his come right up my buddy's asshole... Aw shiiiiit..." He was coming.

"Mmmmmmm!" Skinhead was sucking and gasping for breath as Wolf's fat prick exploded in his mouth. He took it all, licking every drop, kissing the head and the shaft and the balls.

Mohawk Man was pounding me, his naked thighs slapping against mine, his hips pushing me deeper and deeper into the kid's incredible ass, establishing a rhythm that took all three of us into a sexual trance. I couldn't hold out much longer. To get himself further into my ass, Mohawk Man finally pulled the shirt off my wrists, setting them free... and putting about three more inches of cock up inside me.

I grabbed the kid and pulled him against me, wrapping my arms around him, feeling his sweaty back against my chest for the first

dick. Then I felt Mohawk Man's cock

time. My hands went down inside the front of his torn pants, where his hard prick waited. Wolf pulled open the fly, and Skinhead began jacking off again. With Mohawk Man's cock driving inside me, I slid my rod into the kid's

beautiful behind, riding him like an animal. With one hand I reached down between his legs, behind his balls, to press his prostate up against my plunging cock, which made him moan so loud that for the first time I remembered all the other people behind us in the bathroom. But it was too late to stop. With the other, I explored his prick, pulling back the foreskin as the head grew in my hand. As I began to stroke him, I discovered the size of it for the first time. I could easily have used both hands on the shaft.

"Fuckin' shoot it," I told him. "Shoot it in my hand. Shit, this man is fuckin' my ass so hard, it feels so good, and you got such a tight little ass. Oh man, I wanna fuck your come into my hand. God, I'll make you shoot all over that wall, you little fucker. You beautiful little fucker."

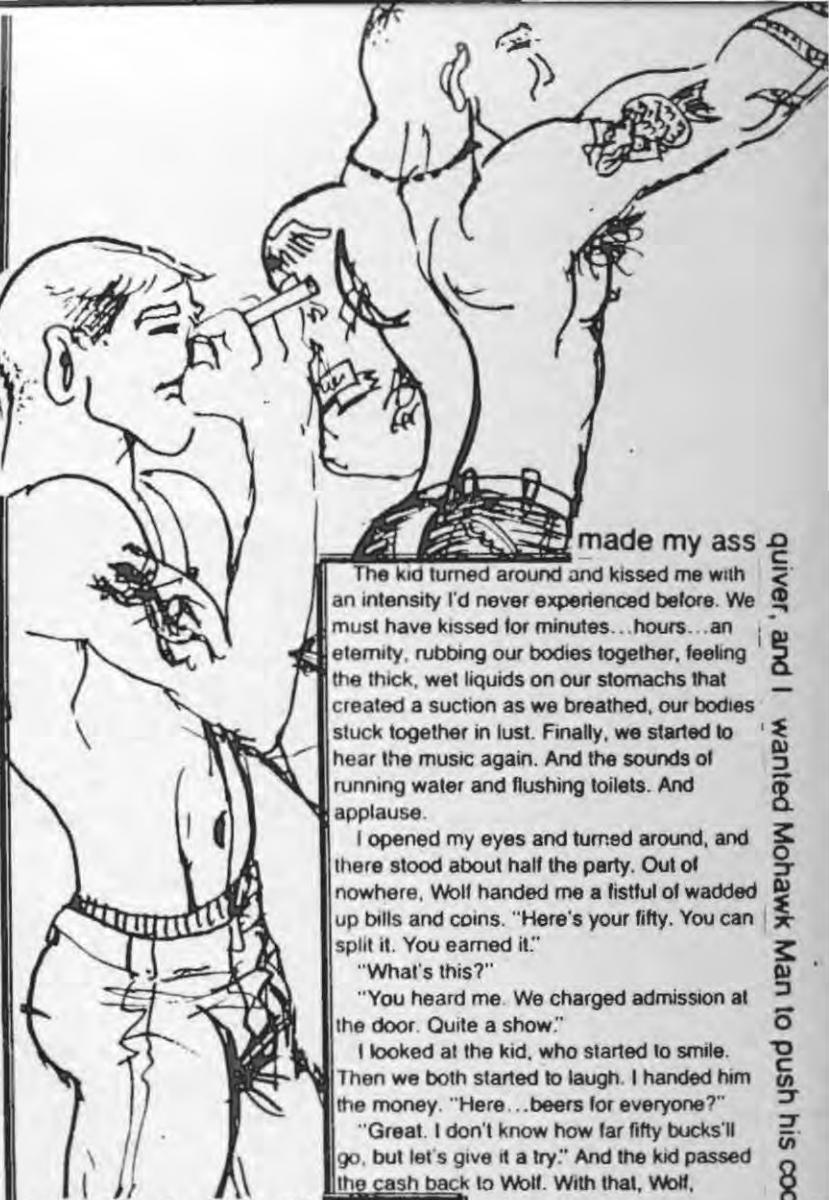
That finally did it to Skinhead, who stood up and shot a load all over the kid's chest and arms. In one burst after another, he covered us with the white stuff. I slid my hand over the kid's torso, making it slippery with sweat and Skinhead's load. Then I smeared it on the kid's prick, which felt like it would explode at any minute. I beat it as hard as I could, my arm muscles knotted and hard against the kid's. He turned his face toward me and begged "Com'on fuck me. Fuck me with that big prick. Com'on shoot it up my ass. I want your come up my ass. Give it to me."

Skinhead moved around behind us to slide

a finger up Mohawk's ass. "Yeah, give it up. You're gonna make this guy shoot right up that prettyboy's ass."

Mohawk Man let out a moan—more like a growl from the bowels of his soul, starting in his cock and bursting out through his mouth, felt his cock well and twitch and fall and swell—and I knew he had done it, shot a load up my burning ass. He yanked his dick from my hole, making me shiver, and shot the last drops over my butt. I pounded my cock into the kid for all I was worth, squeezing his balls and beating his shaft.

Suddenly, the kid was all mine, his body becoming passive to my every desire, begging to be taken completely. I slapped my belly hard against his butt muscles, his sweat running down his back and between his crack to lubricate the fuck. I kissed the back of his cock, then showed it. "Oh fuck me, man," he



panted, his prick suddenly stiffening. "Fuck me hard... hard..." and with that, I felt his whole body stiffen and tremble. And I saw his load start to splatter across the wall.

"That's it, man, shoot it. Shoot it all over." I stopped stroking him, just squeezing the base of the exploding shaft. His white jizz flew everywhere, on walls, floor, toilet and even us. Exhausted, I held him to me, my cock massaging the last drops from inside him, his prick overflowing onto my hand, the excess running down my arm. Although my own cock was still raging and aching, I slowly slid it out of the heavenly hole. With my sticky hand, I cleaned it across his butt

made my ass

The kid turned around and kissed me with an intensity I'd never experienced before. We must have kissed for minutes... hours... an eternity, rubbing our bodies together, feeling the thick, wet liquids on our stomachs that created a suction as we breathed, our bodies stuck together in lust. Finally, we started to hear the music again. And the sounds of running water and flushing toilets. And applause.

I opened my eyes and turned around, and there stood about half the party. Out of nowhere, Wolf handed me a fistful of wadded up bills and coins. "Here's your fifty. You can split it. You earned it."

"What's this?"

"You heard me. We charged admission at the door. Quite a show."

I looked at the kid, who started to smile. Then we both started to laugh. I handed him the money. "Here... beers for everyone?"

"Great. I don't know how far fifty bucks'll go, but let's give it a try." And the kid passed the cash back to Wolf. With that, Wolf,

Skinhead, Mohawk Man and the rest were gone. All except the kid.

"Hi," he grinned.

"I still didn't come yet."

"Maybe some other time. My girlfriend's waiting."

"Maybe. But how 'bout now?"

"Later."

"Meet me outside in twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes."

He didn't meet me in twenty minutes course. It was more like ten. And this time it lasted for ten weeks. Ten wonderful weeks. But that's a long, long story.

SHIT, HIS LEGS ARE SEXY.



ANONYMOUS boy

From the

"I'm a fag so what,

Breeder!"

school of juvenile

delinquent homos comes

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then this

is the fanzine for you.

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I was always a big fan of Black Flag. Since 1980 or so, they were one of punk's "big bands". I was turned on to them first by WXPN, our local punk station. Then, they were on TV with Rona Barrett's look at the L.A. punk scene. The biggest reason, though, was when I saw and heard them in The Decline Of Western Civilization. (The Penelope Spheeris documentary on SoCal punk - eds.) I turned lots of people on to punk by playing Black Flag albums. Henry Rollins became one of my punk heroes. I even enjoyed his poetry and spoken word material. They were always great live.

So when Henry Rollins put out a solo record, I naturally bought it and loved it. He toured and we went to see him at Pizazz, in Philly. My best friend Jorge X. went with me.

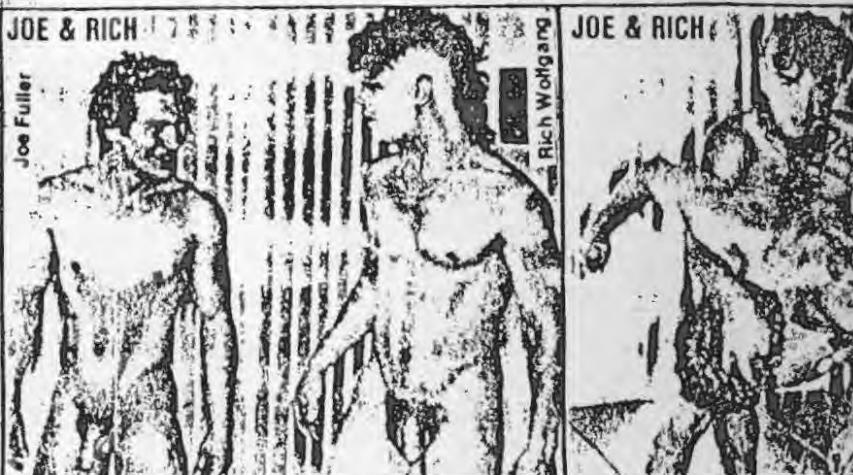
The show was on and it was great. The pit was packed with hot, sweaty guys. We enjoyed that view along with the music. Henry Rollins has a powerful stage presence. Between songs he spoke about himself, the songs, or things in general. When he speaks, the crowd listens. It gets so quiet you can hear a pin drop. Then, it happened.

He asked the audience loudly, "Are there any fags out there? If so, this is for you". He went into a real tirade against us. My friend and I felt the homophobic tension in the crowd and were really scared - anything could have happened. We left the show.

I can remember the feeling of numbness as we walked to the subway. Once home, we discussed how we felt about the incident. I felt anger, fear, and disappointment: angry at Henry Rollins for making such an ignorant statement. Anger at the Philly punks for being so close-minded. Punk was once a way of being yourself and feeling accepted within the scene. Now, it seemed punk was just as conservative and narrow-minded as the rest of America. We were fearful that our relationship with the punk scene was over. Being punks, we are not accepted by most gays, and being gay, we feel unwelcome at the punk shows.

Mostly, I felt disappointment with Henry Rollins. Here I spent the last 7 years as his fan, only to hear him reject me for being gay. I have not played his record or seen him live ever since. I once wrote to him, too. He never responded.

Paul X.
Philadelphia



I CAN'T EVEN SIT DOWN WITHOUT SOMEBODY TOUCHING
MY GUY.



ANONYMOUS BOY

The Hitler Was Right

I met him one night in downtown San Diego near the porno stores, topless bars, and tattoo parlors. They are the last vestiges of sleaze in San Diego, formerly known for its frontier town wild abandon, home to sailors, drifters, and immigrants. In the past five years on visits there I've watched it become less and less sleazy and more and more white, homogenized, safe, and sterile. Soon the whole city would fall victim to the Brave New World of Nouveau California Preppie Yuppiedom, but for now, a few patches of sleaze remained. In sleaze, there is life.

He was about 18, dark; Mexican, I supposed, but he turned out to be Indian. We eyed each other some, then I walked up to him on the sidewalk. "What's up?" I asked. He nodded. "Wanna get high?" "What do you got?" "Some pot." He nodded.

We walked towards the water. "What's your name?" "Bob." "Where are you from?" "Alaska."

He seemed nervous but he knew what he wanted.

We sat on a bench by the water and got very high. The city behind us; boats in front of us; people walking by us.

"So," he asked nonchalantly, "Where do you get laid around here?"

"Depends what you're into... What are you into?"

"I like fucking... I'm looking for a blow-job."

It was now or never.

"I'll give you a blow-job."

"O.K," he said, and undid his pants to reveal a virgin jockstrap.

Underneath that was his perfect cock, stiff and straight as a rocket; thick and juicy and hard.

I sucked it hungrily, without hesitation. His cock filled my mouth and went down my throat. He moaned low.

People passed us by; even a military patrol, but we didn't care.

Afterwards he vanished, back to his sister's house. Next week he'd be back in Anchorage; working in a department store.

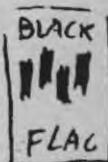
I walked in ecstatic sex daze along the docks; thinking: "Hitler was right; homosexuals ARE enemies of the state!" The state is slavery, drudgery, boredom; the killing machine. Homosexuals, when they let themselves, are free and happy and daring and radical and gay. The two concepts are opposite.

I want to see homosexuals fucking in the street! Wildly fucking and sucking like there's no tomorrow! No more pain; no more money. No more work and no more cops. Just sex and paradise. Rub gism on your pain. Kiss and hug and massage; Ease the tension. Relax your muscles, spine, and soul. Forget your worries, anxieties, anticipations, expectations, and requirements. Fuck what the people think or say - Fuck in the streets and be happy.

Mark Dreher San Diego

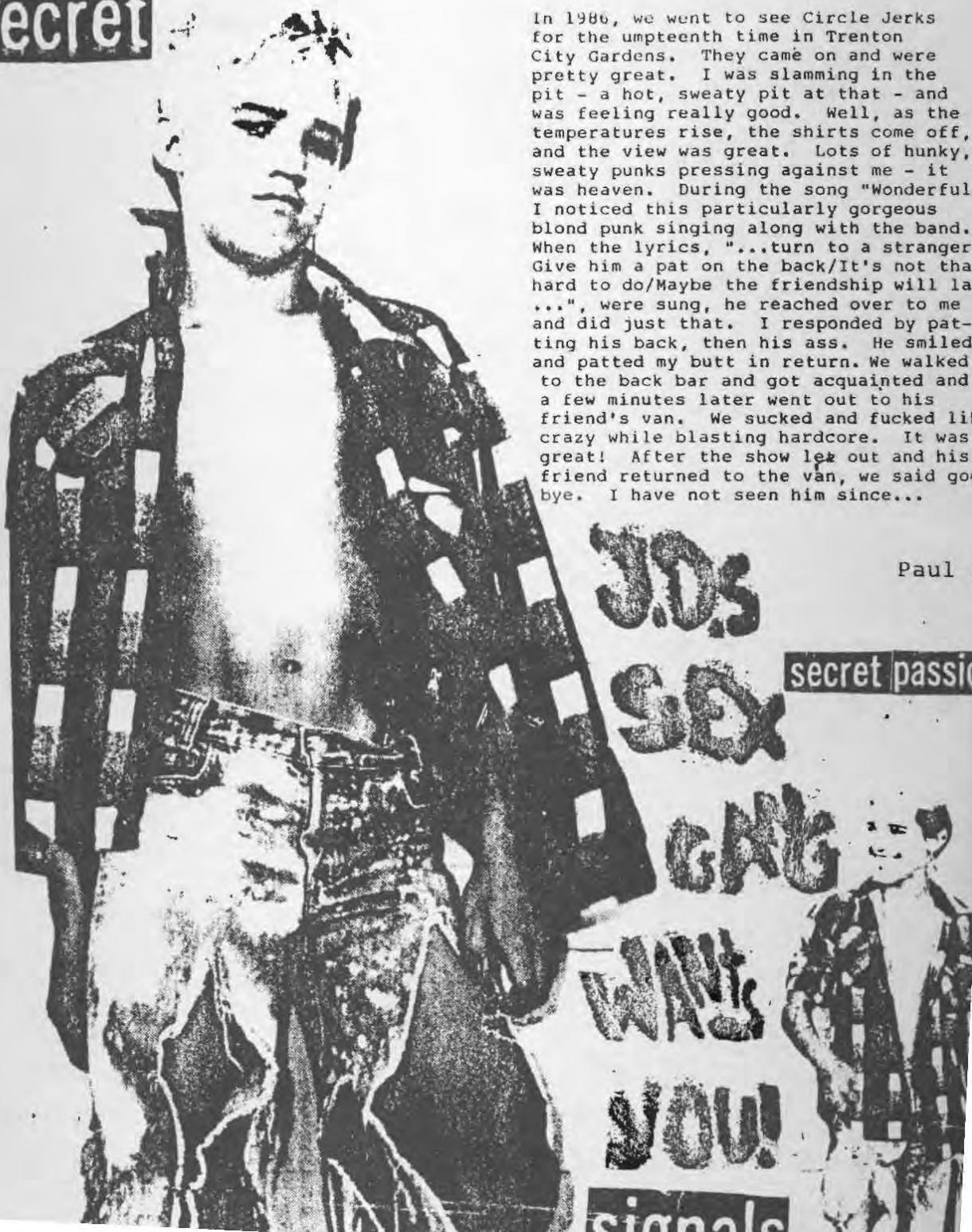
homosexuals
ARE
enemies of the
state!"

THAT ANIMAL BOY WAS HUNGRY ALRIGHT.



ANONYMOUS BOY

secret



In 1986, we went to see Circle Jerks for the umpteenth time in Trenton City Gardens. They came on and were pretty great. I was slamming in the pit - a hot, sweaty pit at that - and was feeling really good. Well, as the temperatures rise, the shirts come off, and the view was great. Lots of hunky, sweaty punks pressing against me - it was heaven. During the song "Wonderful" I noticed this particularly gorgeous blond punk singing along with the band. When the lyrics, "...turn to a stranger/Give him a pat on the back/It's not that hard to do/Maybe the friendship will last...", were sung, he reached over to me and did just that. I responded by patting his back, then his ass. He smiled and patted my butt in return. We walked to the back bar and got acquainted and a few minutes later went out to his friend's van. We sucked and fucked like crazy while blasting hardcore. It was great! After the show let out and his friend returned to the van, we said goodbye. I have not seen him since...

Paul X

30s

sex

gag

want

you

secret passion

signals

no one who reads it will ever forget it

305 SEX GANG WANT YOU!



strange pleasure

MY FIRST DADDY EXPERIENCE WAS WHEN I WAS 15. MY LIFE'S AMBITION HAD BEEN TO BE PRESIDENT OF MY HIGH SCHOOL. AND HERE I WAS -- NEW IN SAN JOSE -- IN MY JUNIOR YEAR -- FRESH FROM BAKERSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. THE SCHOOL WAS ELITIST AND EVERYONE HAD BEEN FRIENDS SINCE THEY WERE BORN. MY GOAL -- TAKE OVER THE SCHOOL IN 18 MONTHS. MY STRATEGY -- MEDIA.

I TOOK OVER THE DRAMA AND SPEECH DEPTS -- THAT GOT ME KNOWN FAST. THE DRAMASACK -- ONLY HISSIES WERE IN THE DRAMA DEPT. TO SUCCEED AT THE ANNUAL PHYSICAL FITNESS TESTS. THERE EVERY STUDENT WAS TESTED FOR STRENGTH. I LOUDLY CHALLENGED THE FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL AND TRACK TEAMS TO BEAT ME. WHEN I CAME IN #2 IN THE SCHOOL I WROTE THE RESPECT OF THE SPORTS DEPT -- PLUS VALUABLE SUPPORT FROM THE CHEERLEADERS. I WON THE ELECTION AND MY DREAM. LATER, I WAS IMPEACHED 3 TIMES -- FOR ADVOCATING BEER IN DRINKING FOUNTAINS INSTEAD OF WATER -- FOR FAILING ALL MY CLASSES (TOO BUSY POLITICIZING) AND THROWING OUT THE SCHOOL'S HONOR CODE (DO RIGHT!). THAT WAS MY FIRST DADDY TRIP.

THE NEW ONE IS HALSTED'S. JOEY AND I HAVE STARTED A STAND-UP FUCK CLUB. IF YOU LIKE THE NEW YORK TRUCK SCENE, YOU WILL LIKE OUR CLUB. 4 HUGE TRUCKS AND LOTS OF INSANITY. THE ATMOSPHERE IS LIKE THE CLUBHOUSE YOU HAD WHEN YOU WERE 7. ONLY NOW AN ADULT VERSION. DAVID WEBB, JOEY AND I PUT IT TOGETHER. OPENING NIGHT WAS PACKED -- IN THE HEAT OF THE PARTY, OUR MANAGER, MARK WAS

CALLED ME ASIDE. THERE WAS A LOT OF LOUD POUNDING COMING FROM THE TRUCKS. I WENT OUTSIDE AND IT WAS LOUD. BUT NO MOANS OR SCREAMS. SO I LISTENED. IT GOT LOUDER. I WONDERED IF SOMEONE WAS FLIPPING OUT. IT IS EASY FOR ME TO RELATE TO ALCOHOLICS AND INSANITY SO I STEPPED INSIDE.

AN EMPTY TRUCK IN MANY WAYS IS LIKE A PADDED CELL. INSIDE WERE TWO HOT PUNKS. ONE BLOND, SMOOTH SKINNED AND CHOW TITS. THE OTHER DARK AND ITALIAN. THEY WERE PICKING EACH OTHER UP AND THROWING EACH OTHER INTO THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK -- PLUS A LOT OF KICKING OF THE SIDES OF THE TRUCK. LOOKED LIKE A NEW PUNK DANCE TO ME.

NEXT I WENT INTO THE CARGO CONTAINERS. THERE THE LOUD MOANS AND RED LIGHTS LEFT NO DOUBT AS TO THE HOT SEX THAT WAS GOING ON. I STOOD LISTENING TO THE SULTRY GROANS. AFTER A LOT OF WORK AND MOANING IT WAS TERRIFIC TO SEE AND HEAR THE PLACE COME ALIVE!

NOW I'M PRESIDENT AGAIN -- OF A CLUB!

Halsted

furtive sign

WHAT ARE THE DUTIES OF THE PRINCE OF THE HOMOSEXUALS

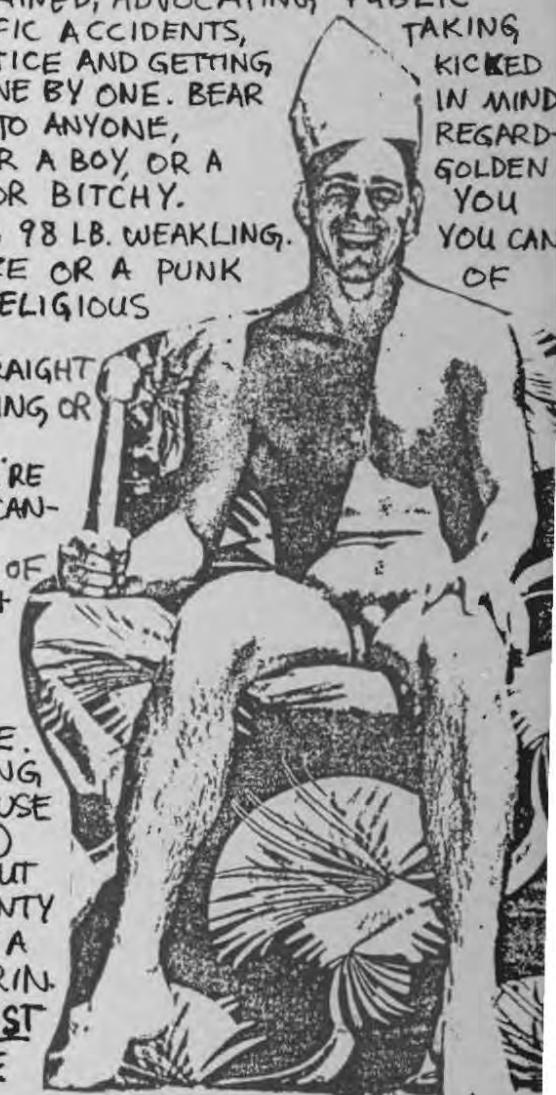
A LOT OF YOU MAY HAVE BEEN WONDERING, JUST WHAT DOES THE TITLE "PRINCE OF THE HOMOSEXUALS" ENTAIL? WELL, ASIDE FROM THE UNEXPECTED PRESTIGE AND NOTORIETY THAT'S THRUST UPON THE BEWILDERED RECIPIENT OF THE CROWN, THE PRINCE MUST MAINTAIN THE STANDARDS THAT EVERY J.D. SWEARS BY: PRACTISING THE CRAFT OF PETTY CRIME, PROMOTING SLOPPINESS, BASHING FAG, BASHERS, KEEPING THE PRINCELY IMAGE TARNISHED AND STAINED, ADVOCATING PUBLIC INDECENCY, INCITING RIOTS AND TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS, OFF YOUR CLOTHES AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND GETTING OUT OF ALL THE FAG AND DYKE BARS ONE BY ONE. BEAR THE TITLE OF 'PRINCE' COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE, LESS OF WHETHER YOU ARE A GIRL OR A BOY, OR A AGER. YOU CAN BE FAT, FEM, BUTCH OR BITCHY. CAN BE BE SILLY, SISSY, SWISHY OR A 98 LB. WEAKLING. BE A PUNK OF COLOUR, A PUNK OF SIZE OR A PUNK NO- SIZE BUT PLEASE LEAVE YOUR RELIGIOUS BAGGAGE OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

YOU CANNOT BE STRAIGHT-ACTING, STRAIGHT SMELLING, OR STRAIGHT WALKING, TALKING OR LIKE THAT, O.K.?

BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHT-EDGE (IF YOU'RE SMART-G. B.) (IF YOU MUST- B. LAB.) YOU CANNOT BE AN ARTIST, A SMARTIST OR A FARTIST. YOU CANNOT BE A MEMBER OF ANY SORORITY OR FRATERNITY. YOU CANNOT BE A HIPPY, A CREEP, OR A KILLER HIPPY CULT MEMBER.

YOU MUST BE A SMARTYPANTS, A CANDY-ASS AND A PUBLIC NUISANCE. YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO DO WRONG RIGHT. YOU MUST NOT BE ASHAMED TO USE THE 'CUNT' WORD. (IF YOU KNOW HOW) YOU MUST GO OUT AND GET A TAKE-OUT COFFEE, WATCH TELEVISION, EAT PLENTY OF SNACKS BETWEEN MEALS, GET A HEADACHE AND TAKE LOTS OF ASPIRIN. BUT ONE THING EVERY PRINCE MUST REMEMBER: ALWAYS BE ON TIME FOR YOUR PHOTO SESSION.

TAKING
KICKED
IN MIND
REGARD-
GOLDEN
YOU
YOU CAN
OF





Mean Jean, Queen of the Dyke Scene, grills former Princes Bruce La Bruce and Dave-Id about the duties of the Prince of the Homosexuals. Rumour has it that Mean Jean, as a result of her recent 'performance' at the infamous Music Express party, will be the next Prince of the Homosexuals.

Juvenile delinquency has provided a soapbox for politicians and a career for social workers, and has given those anti-social, over-stimulated, undergratified adolescents a glamor and status that was denied earlier and less fortunate generations who were simply treated as "wayward youth".

Yet despite the intensity of the public gaze, the boys and girls known as delinquents, are still, to most people, incomprehensible kids living incredible lives, committing unbelievable crimes. They remain for the most part

specimens on a pin: Teen gangs. JD's.

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out of your hand and layout. It's a like your
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age
prison sian, full of
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it's pretty tough but boys could probably han-

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coming in J.D.s)*



J.D.s is a load of fucking shit. You creeps need a few lessons in discipline and correction.

Sean
The Apostles

BLA P.D. S.B

BLARR! to 3
Letters to 3
Lett 3

Hey J.D.s

I laughed like krazy when I found out Stevie, the cover-girl of #3 was a girl. Boy, was I embarrassed! But the pics of her as princess of the homosexuals set me straight-so to speak.

I heard that Letch Patrol has been writing you and I saw your little messages to them. I don't know them but someone I know very well is friends with them and sez they ain't homo. I think they are just pulling your leg.

Anonymous Boy

Hell...oh, Bruce!

I've already told you Sean's 'opinion' of your magazine. Dave read it all, slowly, and said it was one of the funniest zines he'd ever seen; he wants the next copy. Most of the guys in it weren't really his type but that wasn't really his chief concern (he said) upon reading it. He regarded it more as a study of the art of pornography and treated it as a literary gallery of 'punk art' and, on that level, it worked excellently. I can say therefore that he was more pleased and impressed by J.D.s than either myself or Sean. I await the opinion of Boo with interest.

Andy
The Apostles

BLAF 3
BLAF 3

Among other things...ed.

BLABBLA 3
BLABBLA 3

Hi J.D.s
when the last issue of J.D.s came out I was appalled to read that Glad Day bookstore wouldn't carry your zine, considering their own longstanding battle with the powers that be on censorship, so I wrote them a short (but not very sweet) card letting them know I thought they were being little shits for not carrying it. a bit later I received the enclosed, from the store's manager. he claims (as you'll see) that the store never heard of ya'll. so I followed up his response and sent him your address , said maybe there's been some miscommunication here, that he really ought to consider J.D.s. not only because it deserves a place in the store, and has gotten kudos from the small press (you have ,you know) but because it represents the voice of a segment of gay people who do not receive the attention they (we) (us & them) should. and I also said I sincerely hope some amicable resolution can be had here. and I do.

so

DING! DING! DING!
Round Two:

go in fighting with your hands up and your pants down. lemme know what happens, o.k.?

yowza--d. watt,
san diego, ca

BB 3
BBLABBLABBLABB 3
BBLABBLABBLABBLAB 3



O. Watt
P.O. Box 5827
San Diego, CA
92103
Dear O. Watt,

You should we have had many troubles with the customers and results
committed as ever to free press.

I think you perhaps have jumped to the wrong conclusion about you
say we should carry J.D.s. We didn't carry it, but that is because we
are not familiar with this publication. We have to be sure something
exists before we can order it. Perhaps you might let us know the address

Sincerely,

Laure
Manager

HEY G.B.-

It was actually only a couple of months ago that Mike introduced me to J.D.s (and HIDE)-what a kick in the butt that was. You Toronto swingers may not realize it, but there are places that exist like Eugene) where gals like me hunger for communion with similar souls. There's only so much I can take of being a token "charmingly punk" (actual quote) gal in a community of fascistically-politically-correct-key-slingin'-tie-wearin'-pointer sisters-disco-in'-hair-frozin'-butt-slappin'-carbon copy-BORING,BORING-dykes.LOVE & ROCKETS' Hopey used to be my cartoon escape (still is) but now I have J.D.s and HIDE-the most swell confirmation of what I'd imagined.

Love LAURA,
Eugene, OR.

BLA 3
BLA 3



Frau Carissa Interviews everyone's favorite Boston band, ANGELA via myspace messages cause we're too hip for email.

Where did you grow up?

C. Chris What? Grown up? I'm still growing up. I need to find me a strict daddy to raise me right. Give me spankings when I'm a naughty boy.

R. Rori What!? I'm wicked mature!

Who writes the songs, plays what, etc?

C. Well, we both write the songs. But the songs kind of write us. They are just extensions of our truth.

R. Well, I can play the flute!

How would you describe what kind of music ANGELA is?

R. It's this kinda of music that just erupts like lava out of a fucking volcano in Hawaii.

C. ya. She's right.

how did you two meet how long have you known eachother?

R. Psychically since birth.

where do you both find your clothes? you always look amazing,

C. Thanks.

R. Like, at stores.

C. I think what Rori is trying to say is that we have personal stylists that drop shit off at our house. Our stylists names are Dames and Dinn. While I'm busy servicing Dames, Dinn paints Rori's clothes onto her sweaty tight bod. Then we all move into the Jacuzzi for strawberries and champagne. Dames slowly reaches his hand in between my thighs to grab my rock hard cock while Rori licks Dinn's plump ball sack. Her pussy gets soooo wet with excitement. After heavy panting, we all collapse onto a leopard print rug in the foyer to fuck like dogs in heat.

R. And then we just go to stores.